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SPAIN.

THE capture of Seo de Urgel and of its gallant defender LIZARRAGA completed a long and uninterrupted series of Royalist successes. DORREGARAY, who has escaped with a small force into Navarre, may perhaps keep the war alive till the winter; but the Carlists no longer possess any important stronghold, with the exception of their fortified position at Estella. The severity which has since the commencement of the summer campaign been exercised against the partisans of the Pretender indicates the confidence of the Alfonsist Ministers and Generals in their ultimate success. The bombardment by the Royal navy of the towns on the Northern coast seems to be an unnecessary display of earnestness. The Spanish fleet has not covered itself with glory during the war; and it would now be better occupied in preventing the landing of supplies than in inflicting indiscriminate ruin on soldiers and civilians. The bombardment of Spanish villages by Spanish ships furnishes an instructive commentary on the proposals of the Brussels Congress. It has probably never occurred to either belligerent in Spain that it is desirable to mitigate the hardships of war. The massacres of former times have not been repeated; but it is still thought that the best way of promoting peace is to render the sufferings of war intolerable. The naval operations on the coast have probably the excuse that the little seaport towns have encouraged the contraband trade in munitions of war which has enabled the Carlists to prolong the struggle; but as long as wars occur, there will always be provocation on both sides, and plausible excuses for revenge. It is not known that any of the Governments which are professedly bent on the improvement of the laws and customs of war have intimated their disapproval of the recent proceedings of the Government of Madrid. It is not unlikely that the severe measures which have been adopted may tend to produce submission. The abuse of force has often provoked resistance, but nevertheless superior force ultimately decides the fate of war. Another symptom of the failure of the Carlist cause may be found in the language used by the Papal organs. The devotion of Don CARLOS to the interests of the Church has never been rewarded by definite support, for the sufficient reason that his rival's prospects were better than his own. He is now assured that he would do well to retire from a hopeless contest, and to wait for future opportunities. It is not known whether the Holy See will interfere to save the Bishop of URGEL from a prosecution which may cause a certain amount of scandal. It is said that the warlike prelate formerly murdered a priest, and that he has been guilty of various atrocities during the war. After the surrender of the fortress, MARTINEZ CAMPOS refused to extend to the Bishop the courtesies which he willingly accorded to LIZARRAGA.

The war, though it is brought within narrower limits, is not yet over. Large quantities of ammunition have been landed while the fleet was bombarding the towns on the coast; and a Carlist success is reported from Viana. If the young KING were indifferent to the sufferings of his subjects, he might perhaps have cause to congratulate himself on the continuance of a struggle which has the effect of postponing internal dissensions. In the meantime he is approaching the age at which he will be able to exercise personal authority; and the unpopularity which is perhaps unavoidably incurred by his Ministers is not formally attributed to himself. To those who are familiar with the previous history of Spain it seems strange that the parties which formerly succeeded one another in power have for the time disappeared. No Moderates or Progressists or Republicans advance their respective claims while the Government exercises a provisional dictatorship which will probably last as long as the Civil War. Periodical rumours of proposals for the meeting of the Cortes excite as little attention as they deserve. The country is for the time tired not only of revolutions, but of political action. The recent victories of the Royalist troops will have strengthened the Government, and increased the general disinclination to the revival of party dissensions. The project of a Constitution has already fallen into oblivion, although some scheme of the kind may probably be resumed when the war is over; but it is possible that, in accordance with many former precedents, military rivalry may take the place of political agitation.

One result of the war has been the creation of an effective army in place of the force which was disorganized and almost destroyed by the folly of the Republicans. Experience proved that a regular and disciplined army, though it may sometimes menace civil liberty in Spain, is the indispensable condition of order and of national unity. The anarchy which culminated in the revolt of Carthagena was produced by the inability of the Government to suppress rebellion. The same cause accounted for the commencement of the war in the North which has since attained proportions so formidable. The reconstruction of the army by SERRANO and his colleagues was immediately followed by the military revolution which placed King ALFONSO on the throne. Since that time it is believed that the various generals have watched each other with jealous anxiety, which has, among other results, caused the exclusion of some of the most eminent, including CONCHA and MORIONES, from active service. General MARTINEZ CAMPOS, who began the movement in favour of Don ALFONSO, has now acquired additional reputation by the capture of Seo de Urgel. There is probably no foundation for the report that he is conspiring for the recall of Queen ISABELLA. His services to the young KING give him a claim to any reward which he may have sufficient influence to secure. General JOVELLAR, who joined the besieging force before the surrender of Urgel, is supposed to be another candidate for power. It is not known whether SERRANO or any other unemployed general commands any considerable interest in the army. Exploits performed in earlier civil wars are probably forgotten; and the victory of Alcolea, which overthrew the throne of ISABELLA, would not establish a claim to the confidence of her son. MORIONES is suspected of Republican opinions, and CONCHA, like SERRANO, belongs to an earlier generation. It seems probable that MARTINEZ CAMPOS, JOVELLAR, and QUESADA will take the place of the PRIMS, the O'DONNELLS, and the NARVAEZS who formerly succeeded one another in power.

The reasons of the dissimilar course of events in Spain and in France are not uninteresting. The Septennate might have seemed a copy of the Provisional Government of PRIM and SERRANO; and there were in both countries a Legitimist and a Constitutional Pretender, and a Republican party of which the resources and prospects were uncertain. Don CARLOS, though he has proved himself a more vigorous claimant than the Count of CHAMBORD, is equally unlikely to succeed; and the Spanish Republicans

have been allowed an opportunity of demonstrating their incapacity which has fortunately been withheld from their political allies in France. Don ALFONSO, having, luckily for himself, no temptation to imitate the blunder of the Count of PARIS, has now undisputed possession of the throne, while in France the moderate Republic owes to the general dread of the Bonapartists its legal establishment. The superiority of France in civilization and political capacity is best proved by the undisputed supremacy of the Assembly during the five years which have elapsed since the war. The first condition of freedom is voluntary submission of a nation to its own chosen delegates. Spain appears to be incapable of constitutional government, though it retains the great advantage of an hereditary dynasty. Another proof of low political organization is the uncertainty of the relations between the State and the Catholic Church. The French clergy, though they are sometimes courted and employed as election agents by successive Governments, exercise no independent power. In Spain they appear to have derived strength from the foolish persecution to which they were exposed during the Republican supremacy, and a section of the Cabinet is inclined to discountenance in their favour religious toleration and freedom of education. While the democratic party in France is irritated and alarmed by the law which permits the establishment of Catholic Universities, the Spanish Liberals are compelled to witness the dismissal of teachers who are obnoxious to the dominant Church. If the young KING should inherit the bigotry of his mother, he will sooner or later share her fate. It is perhaps more probable that the religious observances which are forced upon him during his present state of tutelage will produce their natural result in repugnance or indifference.

M. THIERS AND HIS COUNTRYMEN.

THE sudden intrusion of Admiral DE LA RONCIÈRE LE NOURY on the political scene in France, though it has naturally caused some momentary uneasiness, is not an event of any real importance. An Admiral who flaunts his contempt for discipline and loyalty by a prospective repudiation of the authority of any Government which does not implicitly adopt his own political predilections does not belong to the class of conspirators from whom France has most to fear; and his inopportune explosion will scarcely gain him the gratitude of his friends and accomplices. Both as a soldier and a statesman, Marshal MACMAHON must have seen that there was no alternative but instantly to remove the ADMIRAL from the command which he had publicly proclaimed himself ready to betray as soon as it suited his own views. M. THIERS's speech at Geneva has come at a timely moment in order to impress on all who may require such a reminder the point at which France has arrived, and the hopelessness of attempting to revive dynastic competition. When an impartial judgment comes to be pronounced on the treatment which M. THIERS has received at the hands, not of his countrymen, but of the politicians who had usurped the right of speaking on their behalf, there will be no need to seek for grounds on which to justify a conviction. The fact that France is no nearer either to a Bonapartist or BOURBON restoration than she was in May 1873 is a sufficient condemnation of the tactics which drove him from office. When the Duke of BROGLIE determined that M. THIERS should be out-voted in the Assembly, and that, in the event of his resigning, Marshal MACMAHON should come forward to take his place, there was one excuse which it was at least conceivable that he might afterwards be able to allege. The overthrow of a statesman who had rendered such vast services to France was necessarily an ungrateful act; but there are times when nations must be preferred to men, and if M. THIERS had mistaken the true interests of his country, it might be necessary to oppose him even at the cost of driving him from office. In the opinion of the Royalist Liberals M. THIERS had been guilty of this error. He had convinced himself and done his best to convince others that Monarchy had become impossible in France, and that the only Government which could command that general assent which is indispensable to political permanence was the Republic. To carry out the policy involved in this conclusion all his labours were directed, and it followed that those who thought this policy mistaken might have no choice but to disregard the good he had done in consideration of the evil he was preparing to do. The Duke of BROGLIE found himself in one of those dilemmas in which a man must submit to be judged by the event. If the Count of CHAMBORD or the Count of PARIS were now reigning over a united people, united even in the very imperfect sense in which the word is understood in France, there would no longer be any question but that M. THIERS had been rightly displaced. It would be clear that he had misread the feeling of his countrymen towards the Monarchy, since his theory that a restoration was impossible would have been disproved by the most conclusive of all arguments. It is the exact contrary of this that has really happened. The Government of France is substantially the same as it would have been if M. THIERS were still President. The birth of the new Constitution was delayed for nearly two years, and this is all. The Duke of BROGLIE committed an act of political ingratitude almost without a parallel, in order to avert the establishment of the Republic, and he ended by helping to set up the very Government which he had chosen to be ungrateful rather than endure. All that M. THIERS had predicted has come to pass, and come to pass all the more conspicuously because he has had no hand in its accomplishment. If the Constitutional Laws had been passed under him instead of under Marshal MACMAHON, the tribute to his foresight would not have been nearly so striking. The Executive has so long exercised immense influence in France, that it has come to be credited with even more influence than it possesses; and if M. THIERS had remained President, the acceptance of the Republic by the country might have been quoted as merely a fresh example of this general law. No one can suppose that either the President or the Ministry under which the Republic has actually been accepted by the country has used any pressure to produce that result. The actual founders of the existing Government have for the most part been men who voted against M. THIERS because he proposed to do willingly what they have since done against their will. They would have liked to give affairs a different turn if they had the power, and it was not until they had proved the truth of M. THIERS's warning that, much as the several sections of Monarchists hated the Republic, they would find when it came to the trial that they hated one another more, that they could bring themselves to vote for the Constitutional Laws.

M. THIERS's summer retreat on the shores of the Lake of Geneva is not vexed therefore by any sense that his countrymen have by this time discovered how easily he allowed himself to mistake wishes for facts. Even in that case he might still be proud of the benefits he has conferred upon them, and still be entitled to compare the state in which he found France, devoured by anarchy and "occupied by 600,000 enemies," with that in which he left it, "delivered from anarchy, and without a single foreign "soldier on its soil." Still the consciousness of successful prediction perhaps gives M. THIERS greater pleasure than the recollection of the more substantial benefits which he has conferred upon France. When the congratulations of the French residents at Geneva were tendered to him in the name, not of one political party only, but of all French citizens who value the independence of their country, M. THIERS thanked the spokesman for thus "generalizing the question." But he was careful to assure them that he should not have been disposed to repulse a manifestation which had addressed itself to the political opinions which for five years he had endeavoured to make triumphant in France. It was with keen satisfaction, doubtless, that he referred to the "vain and powerless efforts" of those who have succeeded him in power, in proof of his assertion that "every Monarchy has become impossible." If there were any unconvinced Royalists among M. THIERS's hearers, they must at least have owned to themselves that events had hitherto borne out his view. A Republic founded by the Centres is at all events a Republic which owes its existence to necessity, not to choice.

In an interesting conversation with a Correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, M. THIERS has described the ground of this confidence in the fortunes of the Republic. He believes that underneath and outside the several political parties there is a large body of orderly and industrious citizens who like the Republic as it now exists, because it is the Government which least gratifies the political prejudices which have been handed down from former Governments. Moderate Royalists and moderate Republicans must alike feel that it gives them much to be

thankful for, and yet but little to boast of. The former get the substantials of good administration, though presented in a form which awakens no enthusiasm. The latter get the recognition of popular sovereignty involved in an elected Executive, though there is but a superficial resemblance between the Republic as ruled by Marshal MacMahon and the Republics of those more imposing, but perhaps less permanent, types which have preceded it. Men of this character abound, M. Thiers believes, not in the middle classes only, but "in the ranks "of the people." All that they need to confirm them in their present frame of mind is a homogeneous Assembly—an Assembly, that is, in which parties are so distributed as to leave no doubt in any one's mind as to the side on which the majority will be found. For this reason M. Thiers prefers the *scrutin de liste* to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, not necessarily as a permanent system, but as a means of putting an end to fundamental controversies. In ordinary times he thinks the *scrutin d'arrondissement* a preferable system, because it brings the candidate into closer contact with the constituency; and when he believed that the existence of the Republic had been placed beyond question, he himself proposed this plan. Events have since shown that the Republic has still another trial to go through, and M. Thiers now wishes to see the *scrutin de liste* maintained, because it is of more importance that there should be no doubt as to the political significance of the elections than that the deputies should be intimately acquainted with the wants of their constituents. The *scrutin d'arrondissement* is only one among many means of securing the representation of minorities, and the unfortunate element of French politics at present is the over-representation of minorities. The majority which most heartily supports the Government when they are more than commonly reactionary in their measures does but represent a small minority of the French people. The first object of every reasonable politician in France must be to import into the Legislature a working political majority, a majority which knows its own mind and is determined that what it wishes shall be done. The finer shades of representation may be considered later on. What is wanted at present is the strong common-sense substance of representation. M. Thiers has given another proof of the wise elasticity of his political views in this frank admission that in one important respect his own Electoral Reform Bill took a wrong direction. The substitution of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* for the *scrutin de liste* might go far to deprive the approaching elections of the decisive political result which has so long been expected from them. Such a loss as this would be dearly bought by a long series of petty improvements in the electoral machinery.

TWO VETERAN LIBERALS.

IN a season of political stagnation there is time to consider questions which are not practically urgent; as, for instance, whether Mr. Roebuck or Mr. Bright is the more consistent politician. The two veterans have represented different types of Liberalism now mitigated in unequal degrees by experience, by success, and, above all, by advancing years. Mr. Bright, though he still on suitable occasions repeats the conventional language of agitation, now seldom interferes in Parliamentary debate, except for the purpose of conciliation, or to discountenance popular errors. He supported the grant for the expenses of the Prince of Wales's visit to India, and he took a principal part in suppressing the nuisance which has been inflicted on the House of Commons and the country by the electors of Stoke-upon-Trent. Mr. Bright nevertheless still professes himself the advocate of further constitutional changes. The dissatisfaction with which he formerly regarded nearly all parties and institutions has become too habitual to be laid aside even after the adoption of many of the measures which he formerly recommended. From time to time Mr. Bright complacently assures his adherents at Birmingham or elsewhere that he has been always in the right in the past, with the inference that any additional changes which he may desire will be equally innocuous. His early antipathy to the Established Church has not abated with age, though he has probably no intention of taking an active part in attempting its destruction. He still holds that a Liberal or reforming party must find occupation for itself, and reasons to justify its existence. It was therefore natural that he should listen favourably to the application of certain active persons who requested his advice as to the objects and methods of a proposed agitation. It has been determined that the autumn should be employed in promoting a demand for something, which Mr. Bright was requested to specify and sanction. The response of the oracle, suggested perhaps by a leading question, was that it would be expedient to select the scheme for extending household suffrage to counties. Those who desire the extension of democratic influence are already convinced on the subject, and neither speeches nor pamphlets are likely at present to produce converts; but if it is necessary that there should be that which is called in the American dialect an autumn campaign, Mr. Trevelyan's Bill will be as convenient a topic as any other. According to strict constitutional theory, an Opposition exists for the purpose of procuring the redress of grievances; but by a natural and converse process it becomes necessary to invent grievances in order that employment may be provided for an Opposition. That Mr. Bright's counsels to his disciples were not violent or revolutionary may be inferred from the approval bestowed on Lord Hartington for his conduct as leader of the Liberal party. It was perhaps not convenient to remember that, after an ambiguous speech on Mr. Trevelyan's Bill, Lord Hartington walked out of the House without voting.

At the Master Cutlers' table at Sheffield Mr. Roebuck proved, after his usual fashion, that his turbulent youth and contented age were parts of one consistent whole. Forty years ago he demanded many changes which have since been effected, and he is satisfied with success. If Alexander, according to the story, sighed for more worlds to conquer, he had not attained half of Mr. Roebuck's present years when he died. In one sense it is consistent to end as a Conservative the career which was begun as a Radical. Southey's answer to innumerable denunciations of his political apostacy was as conclusive as it was witty. He was no more ashamed, he said, of having been a Republican than of having been a boy. In the same way an elderly politician may bear with equanimity the charge that he is less hopeful, less restless, and more cautious than the new generation which calls him a Tory. Mr. Roebuck may be excused for forgetting some former doctrines which he no longer holds. He now appreciates the utility of the House of Lords and of the Established Church; and he tolerates the few restrictions which are still imposed on popular suffrage. If he needs defence, his apology is to be found in his return for Sheffield after an interval of exclusion from Parliament. When the majority of a democratic constituency approves of his present opinions, it is scarcely worth while to inquire whether they have undergone modification in the course of years. The best proof that the Liberal party has on the whole been in the right is that the mass of the people is comparatively free from disaffection. It becomes more and more difficult to excite interest in autumn campaigns or in other modes of professional agitation. Mr. Bright is still prejudiced in favour of the machinery which he formerly employed, but it is difficult to believe that he feels enthusiasm for the cause of household county suffrage. According to the authorized report, Mr. Trevelyan's Bill was recommended on account of its tendency to unite the Liberal party. In the House of Commons and at county elections the question has produced the opposite effect, but there is at present no political issue which would not be liable to the same objection. Mr. Bright's mild encouragement of conventional agitation is perhaps more conducive to tranquillity than Mr. Roebuck's ostentatious optimism. No community likes to be told that it has nothing to complain of; and it is necessary to find ambitious politicians something to do. The promoters of autumn campaigns may regard with envy the annual elections which in the United States furnish the same class with unfailing occupation. Contests for the office of Governor, of Senator, or of Representative are not only exciting in themselves, but they have a secondary interest in their bearing on the probabilities of the next Federal contest. Autumnal meetings and speeches are duller in England, because they lead to no definite result. Within two or three years the facilities of platform eloquence have been suddenly curtailed. During Mr. Gladstone's administration his colleagues and followers were constantly in the habit of devising extemporaneous and unnecessary reforms. One projector would suggest a fundamental change of landed tenures; another

threatened colleges and corporations with the compulsory sale of their estates. The subsequent reaction illustrated the dislike of officious interference which might have been anticipated by students of human nature. Mr. ROEBUCK and his contemporaries are fortunate in the coincidence of their present opinions with a condition of general quiescence.

Prudent statesmen know that when their path is smoothest they are only walking on a crust over burning ashes. More than once within living memory political agitation has been suspended so entirely that it seemed to be extinct. When Lord JOHN RUSSELL sought in the project of a second Reform Bill the means of reviving his waning reputation, he could scarcely arouse the attention of the House of Commons. At a later period Lord PALMERSTON'S popularity was largely founded on the general conviction that he was opposed to all serious innovation. Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded to power when the country was tired of repose; and some successor will, after a longer or shorter interval, renew his experience. It was well that the periodical recurrence of calm coincided with the adoption of the Ballot. The possible results of secret voting have not yet been adequately tested, though as long as the so-called anomalies of the electoral system are maintained some protection will be afforded to minorities. Whatever may be the tendency of Mr. BRIGHT'S proposals to unite the Liberal party, it is not improbable that the measure which he recommends may, after no very long interval, be carried. When the control of the counties is transferred to the labourers, as it has already been withdrawn from the landowners, a redistribution of seats will follow, not so much by logical consequence as through the additional strength which will have been acquired by the democratic party. The issues of the future will not be of the same kind with those which have been determined to the satisfaction of Mr. ROEBUCK, and with the powerful aid of Mr. BRIGHT. By that time perhaps the young and eager Liberals of the present day will, like Mr. ROEBUCK, prove that they are most consistent when they are resolutely opposed to further change. There will always be substitutes in plenty to fill their vacant places. It sometimes happens that the Conservative tendency of advancing years is, as in the case of Mr. GLADSTONE, reversed; but in the great majority of cases novelty becomes more and more distasteful as early illusions disappear. The names of the Liberal politicians who lately consulted Mr. BRIGHT at Manchester have not been mentioned; but it may be presumed that, if they anticipate any advantage from political agitation during the Parliamentary recess, they belong to the younger and more sanguine generation.

THE HAGUE CONFERENCES.

TWO Societies for the reform of International Law which met last year at Geneva have lately, at the risk of some confusion as to their identity or difference, held their sittings at the Hague. The objects of both bodies are indistinguishable, and they include several of the same members; but the Institute of International Law is more select and professional in its composition than the International Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations. The number of active members of the Institute is limited to fifty, who must be all lawyers or jurists. As vacancies occur, new members are elected on the ground of their special qualifications. The present Institute includes several eminent lawyers and well-known writers on public law; and any conclusions at which it may arrive will be entitled to greater respect than if they proceeded from the deliberations of laymen. The Association, on the other hand, is a voluntary and miscellaneous assemblage of amateur philanthropists and politicians; and, except that it consists of members of different nations, it might be mistaken for a section of the Social Science Association. A large portion of its time was occupied with an address from Mr. RICHARD of Merthyr on the well-worn subject of arbitration; but it is fair to admit that the subsequent discussion was not exclusively confined to stale and useless generalities. It happens that the programme of the Association is more practical and business-like than that of the Institute. It would be both possible and desirable to assimilate by concerted municipal enactments the laws of different countries on bills of exchange, and on the method of dealing with foreign judgments. It would also be desirable to establish some general rules as to patents. The kindred subject of copyright forcibly illustrates the unavoidable imperfection of international law. Between France and Belgium, and among the principal European States, copyright is regulated by treaties; but there is no prospect of a recognition of English copyright by the American Legislature. As long as it is cheaper to steal than to buy, American publishers will have influence enough to prevent legislation for the protection of the property of English authors. It is only when international interests are reciprocal and equal that equitable principles are likely to be embodied in a code.

The Institute has referred to a Commission the extremely speculative question of the conditions and limits within which the international law of Europe is applicable to Oriental countries. A reference to the troublesome questions which have lately arisen at Pekin would perhaps have suggested the expediency of postponing the inquiry for one or two centuries. The Imperial Government of China, if it really gives satisfaction for the murder of Mr. MARGARY, will have acted with exclusive reference to its peaceful or warlike inclination and its means of resistance. The most ingenious jurist would fail in the attempt to construct a formula by which the obligations of the Chinese Government will in any similar case be practically regulated. The King of BURMAH also must be dealt with irrespectively of general rules. It may be doubted whether the right of an English mission to be accompanied through his dominions by an escorting force would be recognized at the Hague. The Supreme Government of India will certainly not submit any demands which it may think necessary to the judgment of an external tribunal. The first condition of international law is seldom applicable to Asiatic Courts. Independent Western States are theoretically assumed to be equal; but the King of BURMAH is no more the peer of the Viceroy of INDIA than the Khan of Khokan is the equal of the Emperor of RUSSIA or of his Governor-General in Turkestan. As might be expected from an Institute which finds leisure to discuss the principles of Asiatic jurisprudence, the greater part of its time was occupied with such matters as arbitration according to the Geneva precedent, the Three Rules of Washington, the proposals of the Russian Government at Brussels, and the proposed immunity of enemy's ships and goods from capture at sea. On all points the majority, consisting of Continental and American jurists, decided against the English doctrine. That the first maritime Power should be crippled in a contest with great military States is a theory which approves itself to all foreigners. The exemption of vessels, if it were recognized, would be practical and absolute, whereas the supposed exemption of private property on land is, as Mr. HOSACK accurately stated, habitually and almost necessarily disregarded by belligerents. A more or less unconscious bias of the same kind perhaps accounts for the approval by a foreign majority of the Three Rules of Washington. Mr. MOUNTAGUE BERNARD, who was a member of the Commission which originally assented to the Rules, Sir TRAVERS TWISS, and Mr. WESTLAKE, had the good sense to vote against the majority. It might have been supposed that the contracting parties had by their subsequent action furnished a sufficient comment on the device of the English Government for preparing the way for its own submission and defeat. Both the English and the American Governments bound themselves to recommend to foreign States the adoption of the Rules; but, although two or three years have elapsed, both Governments have by tacit mutual consent abstained from encountering an inevitable rebuff.

Mr. RICHARD'S platitudes were neither more nor less plausible than on many former occasions; nor could he be expected to apply his nostrum to the special case of any past or probable war. It would have been ludicrous to propose arbitration to NAPOLEON when he was meditating the fraudulent occupation of Spain or the rash enterprise of the invasion of Russia. Before the Crimean war the only doubt was whether it was for the interest of England and France to oppose the lawless aggression of Russia upon Turkey. An arbitration on the contested claims of Greek and Latin fanatics to the possession of the keys of the Holy Sepulchre would have tried the gravity even of a congress of philanthropists. The wars of 1859 and of 1866 lay entirely outside the domain of arbitration. It suited the purpose of the Emperor NAPOLEON III. to strengthen his position in France by undertaking the partial liberation

of Italy. An arbitrator, if he regarded public law as defined by treaties, must have adjudged Lombardy, Tuscany, Modena, and Parma to their actual sovereigns. Moral justice was on the other side, and for once it was backed by superior force and by fortune. Count BISMARCK required no arbitrator when he resolved to expel Austria from the Confederation and to establish Prussian supremacy in Germany. Finally, the war of 1870 was precipitated by France and accepted by Germany without the smallest consideration of legal rights or wrongs. At this moment peace is superficially disturbed or threatened by the insurrection in Herzegovina, with which foreign Powers have no legal right to interfere. It would be impossible to draw up an order of reference which would raise the issues really in dispute. Austria and her allies will act or remain neutral with exclusive regard to their own interests, which fortunately require the maintenance of peace. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. RICHARD approves of the offer of Lord RUSSELL to subscribe 50*l.* for the promotion of war. The Peace Congress of so-called working men at Paris applauded GARIBALDI, who, like Lord RUSSELL, has offered to subscribe in aid of civil war in Turkey. Civil wars in more settled regions than Turkey are caused by conflicts of interest and by passions which overrule all judicial intervention. At the beginning of the American Civil War Mr. SEWARD scornfully denounced an unauthorized proposal of arbitration. As long as Don CARLOS disputes the title of his adversary to the Crown of Spain, he will not ask any arbitrator to determine whether the Salic law was legally abolished by FERDINAND VII. and his Cortes.

The discussions at the Hague will not have been altogether useless if sanguine philanthropists have learnt that tribunals without coercive power bear but a remote analogy to courts of justice. Some of the members of the Association delivered useful criticisms on the popular commonplaces of their colleagues. One amusing debate turned on the expediency of a simultaneous and proportionate reduction of national armaments; but none of the speakers grappled with the preliminary inquiry, who should bell the cat? An American resident at Berlin, *Germanis ipsis Germanior*, boldly declared that the Empire could not afford to diminish its army, which he estimated at 1,700,000 men, by a man or a horse. It seems to follow that France, Austria, and Russia must keep millions of men under arms until international relations have assumed some new and different form. Even the more scientific Institute employs itself mainly in barren researches. The function of lawyers is to declare the law, or, at most, to amend its details; but the Institute attempts to frame laws instead of merely collecting the opinions of jurists. As the Three Rules of Washington are only binding on England and the United States, a vote by a majority of jurists in their favour can have no judicial weight. The Courts of Admiralty in England and the United States will not notice the decision of the Institute against the capture of enemy's property at sea. The increase of commercial and social relations between different countries may perhaps render necessary some extension of the rules which are acknowledged as generally binding. It is possible that Institutes and even Associations may, in the intervals of their vague debates on arbitration and disarmament, make useful suggestions on private international law which may afterwards obtain the sanction of different legislative bodies, or may be included in treaties. Conventions on postal and telegraphic services have been advantageously concluded; and it would be for the general benefit to determine the rights and liabilities which are connected with negotiable instruments. More ambitious measures for the promotion of cosmopolitan goodwill are not at present hopeful.

MODERN SEAMANSHIP.

IT has often been asserted by Admiral ROUS and other naval veterans that the application of steam-power to the navy has been accompanied by a steady deterioration in the seamanship of the service. It is natural, of course, that officers of the old school who have in their recollection the brilliant exploits which used to be achieved by wooden sailing-vessels should distrust new-fangled inventions; but it must be confessed that recent events would seem to give countenance to the fears of the elder generation. Iron steamers no doubt possess some advantages over wooden ships, which have to depend upon their sails, and which are consequently in a great degree at the mercy of the winds; but, on the other hand, there was something in the conditions of navigation in former years that tended to develop those qualities of attention, foresight, and ready tact which are essential to successful navigation, and which, judging by recent evidence, can hardly be said to be conspicuously characteristic of our modern navy. It would certainly appear that the effect of the facilities afforded by steam has been to encourage a false confidence and presumptuous rashness, not to say recklessness, which are necessarily detrimental to sound seamanship. There is too much trusting to "close shaves" and clever clearing. Nor is it difficult to understand why this should be so. Under the old system, close watchfulness and caution were sharply enforced by the very necessities of the case. A sailing-ship has in herself no power of independent motion; but for external agencies, which cannot be commanded at pleasure, and must be taken as they come, she is a mere log on the water. At any moment the wind may change, and then the trim of the ship must be changed too. Hence there is always something to be thought of and looked after in a sailing-vessel. It is not enough to put the head of the ship on the intended course, and expect to go straight on unless some other vessel happens to come in the way. The course may be perfectly clear, but the elements are variable, and must be studied. In this way the attention of the captain is constantly exercised, and habit makes it in time a second nature. The wind is not an ARIEL at his bidding, but an independent and capricious ally to whose vagaries the ship must be adroitly adapted. The highest skill is usually owing to the obstacles which it has to surmount; and the marvellous power in handling ships and making them do almost anything which was displayed by the men whose names are associated with the most glorious chapters in the history of the British navy, may be directly traced to the habit of close vigilance, and what may be called ready-mindedness, which was developed by a constant struggle with all kinds of difficulties. Lead, log, and look-out was the old rule of the sea; all the risks of the voyage were fairly faced and carefully encountered; and the result was a steady, disciplined power of attention which seldom failed in an emergency. Now that steam is used, the captain of a ship finds himself relieved from this strain of watchfulness, which, however irksome, was wholesome in its effect. The wind is comparatively a matter of indifference to him. He does not depend on it, and can take his course without consulting it. He has only to touch a knob and flash a message to the engine-room, and the required power and velocity are at once put on. With the help of charts and compass the keeping of a given course is reduced to a mere mechanical task; and all that has to be done is to keep clear of other ships. It often happens, however, that the less there is to do the less is done. It is true, no doubt, that steam gives increased command over a vessel, and enables the course to be changed with a quickness and certainty which may be of vital importance at a critical moment, and which could not possibly be attained with sails; but then there is the temptation to trust too much to this power, and to forget that the consequences of a moment's heedlessness will be in proportion to the speed maintained.

A "Rear-Admiral" wrote to the *Times* a few days ago to say that, as far as his own experience went, "caution and prudence, almost amounting to timidity," characterized the management of all HER MAJESTY'S ships; but to this rule there are certainly some exceptions. It is impossible until the authentic evidence to be given before the court-martial, or series of courts-martial, on the officers of the *Iron Duke* and *Vanguard* is completed, and its piecemeal fragments — for the crews, hidden in the fog, can only speak as to what happened at isolated points within their limited range of vision—are put together in order of sequence, to say whether, or how far, there was negligence or blundering in the case of either ship. It must be remembered, however, that this disaster is not exactly unprecedented, for a year or two ago the *Northumberland* somewhat similarly impaled herself on the prow of the *Hercules;* and the circumstance that the *Northumberland* had been left to ride with a single anchor in a notoriously bad anchorage, and off a dangerous coast, in rough weather, can scarcely be said to imply a degree of caution amounting to timidity. A dense fog suddenly coming down and enveloping a squadron

XUM

has necessarily such a bewildering and paralysing effect that great allowance must be made for the difficulties of the position. The rate of speed has in this instance possibly been exaggerated; but the nearness of the two ships to each other which made the accident possible hardly looks like an excess of caution. Any rash assumption, however, against the officers of these ships would be obviously ungenerous and unfair; and, even if it should be proved that they in any degree lost their self-possession, or omitted precautions within their power, their error will, under the circumstances, be entitled to the most indulgent consideration. A fog is an element in which the most careful and able seaman may go astray in spite, or even in consequence, of his own efforts to be careful. There is another case, however, which has been exciting much attention, and in which, if there has been carelessness or recklessness, it is wholly without excuse on the ground of weather; and now that the evidence on the first inquest has been followed by the reconsidered and explanatory evidence of a second one, it is worth while to see how far the "Rear-Admiral's" epithets will apply to this branch of the Royal Navy. Some of the evidence at the second inquest is perhaps even more extraordinary than that at the first.

It is admitted by the officers of the Royal yacht that in a crowded thoroughfare like the Solent navigation is necessarily full of danger; and, the safety of the QUEEN and of the public being both at stake, it might have been supposed that especial caution would be observed. Yet we find that the *Alberta* dashes along at "fifteen knots" an hour—a rate of speed which might not be inconsistent with safety if a careful look-out were kept, and the pace slackened in case of doubt. How far, however, these conditions are fulfilled may be judged from the statements of the two chief officers. It is the almost universal practice of all kinds of vessels to have a look-out in the bows; but this, we are told, is deliberately dispensed with on board the *Alberta*. Prince LEININGEN gives as a reason for it that "the duty of a look-out was to give notice of vessels when "they came in sight; after which they took no further "notice of them." "Not even," the PRINCE is reported to have added, "when they saw that danger was imminent"; but this must surely be a mistake. Any cabin-boy could tell Prince LEININGEN that the duty of a look-out is not merely to report new arrivals on the scene, but to give notice of any change of course on the part of vessels already there which may bring them into a new relation to the vessel on which the look-out is kept. Captain WELCH gave a different reason, which was that he could himself look out much better from the steering bridge than anybody in the bows. Captain WELCH is, under Prince LEININGEN, responsible for the navigation of the vessel, and takes his place on the bridge along with the two quartermasters at the wheel, who steer under his orders. This bridge is so arranged that there is a funnel in front of it which partially obstructs the view; and there is also "a small shelter-"house on the bridge to protect the commanding officer "when the vessel is head to wind," which further blocks the view, though it has two windows, and, as DRISCOLL said, you can look round the corner. In consequence of these obstructions, and in order to get a clear view on each side, it is necessary for Captain WELCH to keep on moving from one side to the other, and indeed the PRINCE says he cannot move too much. It can, however, hardly be for the purpose of facilitating his movements that the PRINCE and Commander FULLERTON should keep him company on the bridge, and that it should also be freely open to ladies and gentlemen of the Royal suite who have a fancy for a blow and a little conversation. A crowded bridge with promiscuous gossip going on is not perhaps the most advantageous position for a look-out. Captain WELCH stated that he had before been under three captains who did not come on the bridge, and possibly the steering was all the better for it. Too many cocked hats, especially on a narrow bridge, shut in by a funnel and a shelter-house, may be as bad as the proverbial superfluity of cooks. After the *Mistletoe* had been first seen, and her course "taken for granted," she does not seem to have been taken any notice of again till ATKINS, the port quartermaster, pointed her out to the other quartermaster, DRISCOLL, and DRISCOLL, in a fright, tapped Captain WELCH on the shoulder. It is unnecessary to say that this is not the way in which quartermasters in the navy usually communicate with their superiors, and nothing could indicate more strongly poor DRISCOLL'S state of mind. It is not the business of a quartermaster at the wheel, as DRISCOLL said, to be gaping about; all he has to do is to keep his eye on "the captain and the ship's head"; and DRISCOLL'S intervention was therefore irregular. The value of this unsystematic look-out is to be tested by its result, which was that everybody helped everybody else to look, and nobody saw anything till the *Mistletoe* was across their bows, and it was too late to avoid a collision. The material point in the case is not what happened after this time, but what happened before it. It is impossible that the *Mistletoe* could in the interval after she was first seen have changed her course without its being known to every one on board; and, unless we are to suppose that Mr. HEYWOOD and the other survivors are in a conspiracy to conceal the truth, their evidence that there was no change whatever till the final moment cannot be set aside. On the other hand, accepting with implicit confidence in its honesty the testimony of Prince LEININGEN and Captain WELCH, it may certainly be doubted from the way in which they kept a look-out whether the impression they formed is altogether trustworthy. Nor do Commander SULLIVAN'S observations on board the *Victoria and Albert* at the distance of a mile possess much weight. On the whole, it is evident that the management of the *Alberta* was of a kind very remote from that "caution and pru-"dence amounting to timidity" which the "Rear-Admiral" speaks of. To say that other vessels do the same is no excuse. There is no difficulty in believing that the "close "shave" system of navigation is sometimes adopted by other steamers beside the *Alberta*, for nothing is so contagious as the influence of a bad example in high places.

AN ORLEANIST REMONSTRANCE.

THE remarkable pamphlet which has just appeared in Paris with the title *Les Responsabilités* is chiefly interesting as a symptom of long-repressed Orleanist feeling. It may be taken as certain that it will not exert the slightest influence on the exalted personage to whom it is addressed. If the Count of CHAMBORD were meditating abdication, the presumption of a subject in reminding his sovereign of a neglected duty would be enough to make him dismiss the thought. Indeed, the pamphlet cannot be said to be at all of the conciliatory or persuasive order. It contains, for example, an historical parallel put into the mouth of an Archbishop which might offend a less sensitive nature than the Count of CHAMBORD'S. The prelate in question was present in July 1871 in the drawing-room of a certain great lady while the manifesto which had just been issued by the COUNT was under discussion. The ARCHBISHOP'S contribution to the conversation was the remark that the Count of CHAMBORD reminded him of Pope CELESTIN V., who knew neither the Roman Court, nor foreign Courts, nor the manners and customs of his age, and who wisely abdicated five months after his election. A temporal prince who has passed his life abroad, and who knows neither men nor things, and cannot estimate either the possibilities or the difficulties of his time and country, is no better fitted to rule than the saintly monk whom the Conclave took from the cloister. Pope CELESTIN repented that he had not abdicated before reigning, instead of waiting until he had reigned five months. "Why," asked the ARCHBISHOP, "should HENRY V. store up for himself a similar regret?" The force of the archiepiscopal reasoning is indisputable, but it would hardly have been reproduced in print if the writer had entertained the slightest hope of bringing the Count of CHAMBORD round to his view. The conclusion of the pamphlet again, though undoubtedly eloquent, is calculated rather to confirm than to shake the COUNT'S determination. When a king of the type of HENRY V. is asked whether he has thought over his refusal to abdicate at the foot of the Crucifix, and is bidden to contemplate the paradox that a descendant of the kings who made France should destroy France, that a son of ST. LOUIS should destroy the House and kingdom of ST. LOUIS, the reader is justified in inferring, not merely that the appeal will go for nothing, but that to go for nothing was the best fate ever expected for it.

The importance of the pamphlet as an Orleanist manifesto depends of course on the extent to which it represents the views of the leaders of the party. There can be little doubt that the writer himself would be glad if the Fusion could be undone. The catalogue of the Count of CHAMBORD'S misdeeds in the way of manifestoes is

drawn up with extreme bitterness. If it had not been for the COUNT, he says, the Monarchy would undoubtedly have been re-established. The Princes of ORLEANS have done their duty; the Royalist deputies have done their duty; it is only the Count of CHAMBORD who has been found wanting. In 1871 he made an unprovoked attack on the Tricolour. In 1872 he declared that he would never abdicate, and never become the legitimate King of the Revolution. Notwithstanding these repeated blows, the Royalists went on working for him. The Count of PARIS went to Frohsdorf in August 1873, and in the following October nine deputies of the Right and the Right Centre drew up a Bill re-establishing the Monarchy, under certain conditions, in which was included the maintenance of the Tricolour, and calling the Count of CHAMBORD to the throne. A majority, small indeed, but sufficient, was secured for this proposal in the Assembly. M. CHESNELONG communicated to its supporters the assent of the King to its provisions. All the preparations were made for a restoration when there came the letter of the 27th of October, in which the Count of CHAMBORD declared that he retracted none of his former statements, rejected all the conditions which his friends had assumed that he would assent to, and described himself as the one indispensable pilot who could bring the ship of France into port. From that time the Orleanists have been trying to make the best of such substitutes for constitutional monarchy as circumstances have offered them. They created the Septennate, and when Marshal MACMAHON refused to govern without a Constitution of some kind, they consented to accept the Republic. Even at the last moment, the writer of the pamphlet hints, a word from the Count of CHAMBORD might have defeated the Constitutional Laws and reconstructed the monarchical majority. A final and pressing appeal was addressed to him by some of the most eminent Legitimists, but it remained unanswered, and the Republic was founded. Whether these lost opportunities will ever repeat themselves the author of the pamphlet does not undertake to say. If the Republic gives to France peace, prosperity, and strength, he is prepared to rejoice at so unlooked for a result. If it procures for France alliances more unexpected still, he would think it wrong to throw any obstacle in its way. But if this best of Republican Constitutions disappoints the hopes of its friends, it will be the duty of the constitutional Royalists to make, if possible, one more effort to save France from destruction. Whether that effort shall succeed or fail may rest with the Count of CHAMBORD to decide.

The pamphlet gives us no means of forecasting what would be the action of the Orleanists under these circumstances, if the Count of CHAMBORD still refuses to abdicate. Possibly the writer may hope that as years pass on the Legitimists will get irritated at the self-imposed exile of their sovereign, and may not be unwilling to accept the legitimate heir as the substitute imposed on them by circumstances for the legitimate King. It is useless, however, to speculate on events which are so completely in the nature of a contingency upon a contingency. If the Republic breaks down, it will possibly be succeeded by a Monarchy under which the Count of CHAMBORD and the Count of PARIS will be alike pretenders. Nor is the writer's reading of the past sufficiently accurate to lead us to place much value on his predictions of the future, supposing that he were daring enough to hazard any. It is true no doubt that the obstinacy of the Count of CHAMBORD prevented the monarchical experiment from being tried in 1873. But there is great reason to believe that, even if it had been tried, it would have failed, and the causes of this failure date from a time before the COUNT had written the earliest of his numerous letters. When the Assembly met in February 1871, it is probable that there was an interval during which either the Count of CHAMBORD or the Count of PARIS might have seized and kept the throne. France was so prostrated by misfortune, and her misfortunes were so closely associated with the Republic which had inherited them from the Empire, that the boldest policy might have proved the most successful. Whether the inaction of the Royalists at that time was due to the obstinacy of their chief, or to a mean desire to let others have the trouble and possibly the disgrace of extricating France from the toils in which war and misgovernment had involved her, or to a patriotic desire not to hamper the process of paying off the indemnity, and setting the territory free, by any premature introduction of political strife, it is impossible to decide. But to whatever cause the Royalist inaction is to be attributed, events shortly decreed that it should be fatal. It is scarcely too much to say that the Government which put down the Commune was destined to be the first regular Government of which France would make trial. The traditional associations between the Republic and anarchy and between the Republic and weakness were for the time broken through. It was seen that the Republic was not necessarily the author of confusion, and that when disorder raised its head under a Republican Government, it could be put down with as much firmness as under a Monarchy.

At that later time to which the regrets of the pamphleteer refer, the Orleanist position was open to a special charge of inconsistency. Much stress is laid in the pamphlet on the conduct of the Count of CHAMBORD in allowing his friends to sign, in February 1872, a programme in which the Right declared that they looked forward only to a restoration effected by the will of the nation freely expressed through its representatives. If, it is argued, the existence of the Monarchy itself could be treated as dependent on this condition, how much more ought not the choice between rival flags to have been so treated? A party which attached so much significance to the expression of the national will by the national representatives ought to have thought a little more about the quality of the representatives to whom it appealed. The Assembly elected to conclude a peace in 1871 was not a fit body to establish the Monarchy in 1873. There was no connexion between the purpose for which it was chosen, and the purpose to which it was proposed to apply it. If this want of connexion had been merely formal, it would have mattered little; but the determination of the Royalists not to abide by the result of a general election, even when their own party was at the head of affairs, showed unmistakably that they knew that the country, if consulted, would give its verdict against them. It may be said that, if the Assembly was competent to found the Republic last February, it was equally competent to restore the Monarchy two years ago. But those who most desired the Republic were most willing to take the judgment of the country upon the issue. The general election was postponed until after the Constitution had been framed, not because the majority feared that the constituencies would pronounce against them, but because they feared that they might wish to entrust the work to more distinctly Republican hands. The reverence professed by this Orleanist writer for "les mandataires" of the nation would have a more genuine ring if it had prompted a wish to ascertain whether the Assembly was likely to interpret rightly the mandate committed to it.

THE INDIAN TARIFF.

THE changes effected in the Indian Customs duties by the new Tariff Act have at all events the recommendation that they seem likely to give equal displeasure to extreme partisans on both sides. In England it is alleged that, though an apparent concession has been made to the remonstrances of the Manchester manufacturers by the imposition of an import duty on long-stapled raw cotton, the position of the English exporter is really changed for the worse, inasmuch as the import duty on English cotton goods is maintained, while the export duty on Indian cotton goods is abolished. In India the import duty on long-stapled raw cotton seems to be condemned as "a sop to Manchester," dictated solely by a desire to please English manufacturers, and make the position of the home Government pleasanter, and as displaying entire indifference to the development of an important Indian industry. The speeches of Lord NORTHBROOK and of Mr. HOPE, who introduced the Bill, in the Legislative Council will enable us to see how far either of these objections is sustained by facts. The VICEROY began by pointing out that the Government of India must expect to see its financial policy judged by the highest standard in the world. This comes from its close association with the Government of England. The dependencies of other countries may play fast and loose with the principles of Free-trade and yet escape criticism; but the greatest dependency of England cannot hope to do this. This position of affairs has all along been recognized in India. There, as much as in England, Finance Ministers have bidden farewell to the doctrine that in framing tariffs any favour should be shown to foreign possessions by the mother country or to the mother country by foreign possessions. "In all financial measures the "true interest of the people of India is the only consideration

"which the Government of India has to regard." Lord NORTHBROOK then went on to apply this canon to the Indian Customs tariff as it stood at the date of his speech. The export duties levied upon articles of Indian produce were utterly indefensible. Of the nine articles on which it was formerly levied, six have been exempted by the Tariff Act. One of these is manufactured cotton, upon which the export duty pressed with peculiar weight. In all cases it put Indian piece goods at a disadvantage in foreign markets, and in cases where the goods were manufactured from foreign cotton which had already paid an import duty, it put them at a double disadvantage. It will hardly be maintained even at Manchester that the Indian Government is bound to check native manufactures because they happen to employ the same raw material which has made the fortunes of Lancashire.

It is urged, however, in England that, if the Indian Government wished to be perfectly just, it should not only have abolished a duty which put Indian manufactures at a disadvantage in foreign markets, but also a duty which put English manufactures at a disadvantage in the Indian market. Repeal the export duty on manufactured cotton by all means, but do not at the same time maintain the import duty. The VICEROY and Mr. HOPE met this reasoning in different ways. The ideal Customs tariff, said Lord NORTHBROOK, is one which imposes duties on a few main articles of consumption, and these articles which cannot be produced in the country in which the duty is levied. In this respect England has at last attained to a point of perfection from which India is by circumstances shut out. India is so poor a country that, in order to obtain an adequate Customs revenue, it is necessary to tax a large number of articles. This is the reason why simplicity of tariff is unattainable. The *Times* argues that it would have been much more efficacious to have cleared out of the list one-third of the articles subject to the *ad valorem* rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., than to have reduced this rate to 5 per cent. all round. "We "might . . . . strike out four-fifths of the commodities "taxed without causing any serious diminution of Indian "revenue." "Serious," however, as applied to diminution of revenue, is entirely a relative term. Anything is serious, however small, which the Government does not see its way to replace. Upon this point Lord NORTHBROOK spoke with perfect confidence, and we believe with perfect truth. "The "political evil of giving up our Customs duties or a large "part of them, and of imposing fresh taxes in their place, "would be great. Whatever may be the objections to "Customs duties, they possess the advantages of being "collected easily and paid without pressure. These advan- "tages are of peculiar importance in India, where new "taxes are peculiarly liable to occasion popular discontent." The change to 5 per cent. will at all events enable the Indian Government to discover the articles of which the consumption is most increased by a reduction of duty. Nor is it possible to limit Customs duties to articles which cannot be grown in India. Such a restriction would leave every imported commodity untaxed, except wines and some classes of spirits. Every other article India either does or could produce. This is the reason why it is impossible to deprive the Indian Customs tariff of its apparently protective character. As regards the particular duty on manufactured cotton, it is justified by this general argument, and also by the fact that it brings in more than 800,000*l.* annually.

Mr. HOPE defended the import duty on cotton goods on the ground that the case which the Manchester Chamber of Commerce had tried to make out against it had broken down. Only about one-twentieth of the cotton goods imported are of the coarse description which is alone manufactured in India, so that nineteen-twentieths of the duty has no semblance of protection about it. This, in Mr. HOPE'S opinion, is a sufficient argument against total abolition. To the proposal to repeal the duty on the coarser sorts of cloth only, he objected, first, that it would be impossible to draw a well-defined line between coarse and fine goods; and, secondly, that the local mills would be stimulated to manufacture goods just above the line, so that more harm than good would be done to the English maker. The former argument does not necessarily dispose of the Manchester case. The Chamber of Commerce represented in 1874 that the duty was "absolutely prohibitory" to the trade in yarn and cloth of the coarse and low-priced sorts. We should naturally expect therefore to find that the amount of these sorts imported into India, and consequently the amount of duty paid on them, would be exceedingly small. The fact that only one-twentieth of the cotton goods which enter England are of the same kind as those manufactured in the country may be the best possible proof that the existing duty does virtually prohibit this particular branch of trade. It is safer to rely for the justification of the import duty on the more strictly political considerations adduced by Lord NORTHBROOK.

Nothing was said by Lord NORTHBROOK in defence of the new duty on long-stapled raw cotton. Mr. HOPE attributed its imposition to the desire of the Government "to do whatever seemed to be in accordance with sound "policy to prevent what little evil might be thought to "exist from assuming, through their neglect, undue pro- "portions." It is to be presumed that this means that, as the financial necessities of the Government will not allow Manchester to compete with India in the production of coarse goods, India shall be discouraged from competing with Manchester in the production of fine goods. Thus, Persian cotton, which, being similar to that grown in India, is quite useless for fine fabrics, will continue to be admitted free. It is only the American cotton which is exclusively suitable for these fine fabrics that will be affected by the change in the tariff. It may be objected perhaps that this principle of selecting articles for taxation conflicts with Lord NORTHBROOK'S rule that the true interest of the people of India is the only consideration which the Government of India have to regard. If the import duty on manufactured cotton is imposed solely for the sake of revenue, the Government of India owes no reparation to Manchester. Why then should it undertake to tax a particular kind of raw cotton, and thus place an additional obstacle in the way of this kind of cotton being employed in Indian manufactures? It is certainly unfortunate that the duty should have been determined on while the Legislative Council was sitting at Simla, and was consequently unable to hear the opinions of the native members on the industrial results of its imposition.

THE NORWICH FARCE.

IF anything could possibly add to the painful scandal which is involved in the exposure of the miserable and beggarly corruption of the electors of Norwich, it would be the extremely indecorous manner in which the investigation is conducted, not only with the passive assent, but, as far as one can judge from the reports in the newspapers, with the complacent concurrence, of the Commissioners who have been sent to represent the calm dignity of justice. There will be aching sides in Norwich when this inquiry is over. From day to day the proceedings go on amidst a continuous roar of laughter. No screaming farce at the Adelphi in the days of WRIGHT and BEDFORD was ever so steadily and unintermittently powerful in its effect on the risible faculties of an audience. If a Commissioner scratches his nose or mends his pen, there is a giggle; if he makes the most ordinary remark, there is a buzz of gleeful amusement; when he descends into the arena with the wretched creatures whom he is examining, and bandies slang and jokes with them, a universal guffaw shakes the walls, and sends its echoes through the adjoining streets. And if a brazen rogue makes a leering justification of his roguery, the enthusiasm rises to a climax. It is hard to say why there should be all this merriment. In itself there is nothing particularly amusing, that we can see, in the demonstration that there are apparently a good many people in Norwich who are open to corruption of the most paltry and pitiful kind, who have not even a rudimentary sense of common civic honesty, and who are ready at any moment to sell their votes for a few shillings or a sack of coals, and then perhaps cheat the purchaser by selling them again. Without bringing any very elevated considerations into the question, and taking human nature at a very moderate estimate, this is surely very sad. The people of Norwich are not like poor savages of the South Seas, from whom nothing better can be expected, and the question of their morality is of national importance. It is often said, in excuse of such a state of mind, that we must make allowance for custom and traditions. Cattle-lifting was once a gentlemanly employment, and highway robbery had an excuse in social circumstances and public sympathy; that which everybody is ready to do in a community has a certain sanction in the general conformity. All this may be taken for what it is worth. There are, no doubt, reasons

why Norwich is what it is, and much the same thing will probably be found everywhere else where the old freemen continue to fester. But, making every allowance for the continuous degradation of successive generations, and the transmitted purulence of the disease, still, for the life of us, we cannot see that it is funny. To a surgical taste it may be interesting as a study in the morbid anatomy of human nature; to a cynical mind it may present an illustration of the confusion of popular morality, for no doubt in other respects apart from their votes these poor rogues may be honest enough, and might even, some of them, be trusted in their better moods to fetch change for half a crown from round the corner. But we must say that all this being taken for fun puzzles us. That the sort of people who mainly compose the constituency of Norwich should not hang their heads in this day of their exposure and disgrace is natural enough. That is the nature of the species. That they should even put their tongues in their cheeks and chuckle on the sly would not surprise us. But the bravado and shamelessness of making it an open joke—all the town, as it were, coming out into the market-place to split their sides with explosions of delight at every fresh exhibition of their own iniquity—is certainly one of the strangest illustrations of that spread of education and moral consciousness on which people who live in these days have to submit to be so constantly congratulated. It has been observed that criminals on the scaffold occasionally give way in their last moments, even though not by nature merry, to a sudden outbreak of spasmodic gaiety very fearful to behold, and it is possible that the strange mirth of Norwich may be traced to somewhat similar sensations in the prospect of an electoral execution. The passion for dying game, with a catch and a hornpipe, is perhaps common to corrupt constituencies and the heroes of the *Newgate Calendar*.

We are willing to take the most charitable view of the matter that is open to us. We can fancy that Norwich is, as a rule, but a dull place at the best of times. It is, perhaps, in that sort of dead-alive state into which the stupider country towns sometimes fall, when even a monkey and an organ is a relief. Norwich never attracted so much attention before, and its sense of self-importance is flattered. But when every excuse is made for the town, what are we to say for the Commissioners? Two of them are barristers, if not of eminence in their profession, yet possessing that degree of distinction which is, or used to be, known as "standing," though perhaps they may not frequently have assumed that posture in the courts in which they may be conventionally described as practising; and one of them is an attorney. They must be presumed to have at least heard enough of law to understand the very serious nature of the alleged offences into which they have been sent to inquire. If there is any object at all in such an investigation, it must be to try to excite in the constituency a feeling of shame for the past, and a more healthy sense of the degradation of corruption in the future. It is true that the Commissioners are not themselves empowered to put on the black cap; but it is at least not their business to join in and encourage laughter at their mission, or to make themselves needlessly ridiculous. It should rather be their aim to open the eyes of the people at the bar to a consciousness of the evil of their ways, and the disgrace which goes with it. When Judges take to joking with the accused and treating the whole proceedings in the style of a Great Comic at a music-hall—or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say in the style of the presiding genius of a Judge and Jury Club—all sense of gravity or respect for the proceedings is necessarily destroyed. Here again, however, we would fain find some extenuation, if not excuse. It is not perhaps very often that the gentlemen in question get such a chance of being heard, and even the applause of an ordinary mob has in it a subtle intoxication to which, before now, sterner spirits have been known to yield. There is nothing that tells on a man so insidiously as the sudden discovery that he is accepted as a wit. The poor fellow may have sometimes thought it to himself in the silent confidences of his heart, but the reception of any of his attempts in that way among his companions has decided him to abandon the pretension. Wounded vanity is deliciously consoled when, after all, one day he comes upon an audience that appreciates him. It is very hard to resist this sweet seduction, and not indulge, if only once in a way, in the exultation of such a moment. The club may have been cold, the bar mess cynical; but here at last is human sympathy, and it is as irresistible as a cup of water in the everlasting desert. Besides, when one thinks of it, are the Commissioners really guilty of being funny, or justly suspected of any capacity that way? It might be easy to prove a defence from their remarks. Is this wit, is that humour? it might be asked, and it would be difficult to say yes. Nothing is more dangerous than a reputation for being funny, however groundless. Sydney Smith, when he had the toothache, found everybody stuffing their pocket-handkerchiefs into their mouths to stifle their laughter at his drollery; when he asked for salt at table, a burst of admiring laughter was the answer. Perhaps all that can be said with certainty is that at Norwich the people laughed, and the Commissioners may be entitled to the benefit of the doubt whether there was anything to laugh at.

Whatever may be the explanation of, or whoever may be most to blame for, this extraordinary spectacle, a court of judicial inquiry convulsed with hysterical laughter at the thought of the open shamelessness of the offences which are being examined into, and of the absurdity of making a grave matter of them, is certainly not a pleasant one. What, the bribed and bribers may ask, can be the harm of practices the narration of which produces so much innocent amusement? And they will readily be persuaded of the humbug and hypocrisy of the whole of the proceedings. It would be unreasonable to assume that the Commissioners are altogether responsible for the behaviour of the people who come before them; but they at least have it in their power to show their opinion of indecent mirth by an indignant protest, followed up, if need be, by an order to clear the room. It does not appear, however, that the Commissioners have found any inconvenience or breach of decorum in the general course of the proceedings, and it is difficult to construe their comments and epigrams except as an encouragement to public contempt of themselves and their duties. There is, we suppose, no way in which such a scandal can be put a stop to by any external interference, and it may be hoped that it is now very near its close. There must, however, be some people in Norwich who, like other people throughout the country, are shocked and pained by this unseemly revelry over a sad side of public life, and they deserve sincere sympathy. It can hardly be doubted that, if the borough is not immediately disfranchised, the tone of the present inquiry will tend very much to perpetuate corruption on the old footing.

SENSATIONAL SCIENCE.

IT is impossible to reflect with feelings of unmixed satisfaction upon the able lectures delivered at the Royal Institution and divers institutes, and the large audiences attracted by many of them. One cannot help feeling that all the expenditure of energy, time, and money, all the goodly show of well-filled benches, the respectful semblance of attention, the applausive enthusiasm, even the industrious taking of notes, excites and indicates very little true appreciation of scientific method and truth. The educational result is lamentably small in proportion to the ostentatious display of devotion to science. More melancholy still is the flattering opinion as to their intellectual advancement held by the very persons who derive least benefit from such playing at study. These are the scatter-brained auditors who dabble in science out of shifting caprice, or in deference to the dictates of fashion, and again those who, with the best and steadiest intentions, are incapacitated by lack of general education from grasping any special subject. It is to accommodate such feeble votaries that "popular science" has been invented. Obvious benefits accrue to real science from being fashionable and popular; but its "hard facts and crooked figures" can hardly be expected to retain the favour of the multitude. It therefore employs an *eidolon*, or counterfeit—a very respectable personage, but rather a humbug for all that—to stand for it upon public platforms, and in its sacred name to practise the arts which secure the patronage of the vulgar. A popular lecturer is apt to garnish the information he imparts with many rhetorical flourishes, and to lay stress on phenomena and the explanations thereof rather in proportion to their strangeness and peculiarity than to their intrinsic importance. He has a strong propensity for paradox. To surprise and astonish his auditors is his frequent endeavour. He illustrates the most abstruse points by reference to familiar objects and circumstances, to the present delight, but future bewilderment, of such of his auditors as are not intimate with the uses of analogy. By rapid strides he passes from first principles to the last refinements on the newest theories. All is smooth and coherent. Facts that are familiar and facts that must be taken for granted follow each other so quickly and promiscuously that the listener, failing to separate them, begins to feel himself

profoundly learned. There is a similar confusion as to the arguments which he follows step by step and those which so puzzle him that he accepts the conclusion in blind faith. The result is that, immediately after the lecture, he feels oppressed and distended with a mighty access of wisdom. After a short interval comes the inevitable collapse. The discourse, as an integral whole made up of consecutive, co-ordinate ideas, has gone into nothing. All that the memory retains is a few isolated, undigested scraps of information or shreds of theory which happen to have astonished the weak mind, the real bearings of which are most likely quite misconceived, owing to lack of context in the mental record and to the undue prominence given to them by the lecturer. If the auditor wakes to the fact that he has only been amused, interested, and perhaps flattered, the advantage of having had his curiosity stimulated to genuine study and research abides; if not, he is liable to all kinds of intellectual crudities and vapours, not to mention the moral detriment of vain, unwarrantable self-satisfaction.

But the humble, earnest, intelligent student can hardly escape injury from the introduction of the "sensational" element into scientific expositions. His view must be altogether distorted by the strong artificial glare thrown upon sundry detached points. Loyalty to rigid method is not fostered by a system which habitually begins at the wrong end, which introduces the latest cometary theory to the notice of an audience innocent of any accurate knowledge of "light," or any other department of physics, and which attempts to dogmatize on the origin of language before people to whom philology is foolishness. Such practices incline the most sober-minded to expect royal roads to learning, and engender in them feelings of disappointment and even disgust at the unexciting, monotonous drudgery which is requisite for substantial progress. The anticipation of something extraordinary throws the mind altogether out of gear for the reception and assimilation of simple, steady-going instruction. Those who have no constitutional craving for sensation miss the stimulant if they have been expecting it, and the vicious appetite is speedily acquired. Professors themselves are thus in part responsible for the false taste of the public. They spoil their best auditors for the sake of their worst. Real devotees to science are sacrificed for the sake of the hypocrites of fashion or the victims of ignorance. Nor does their procedure fail to react upon themselves. Viewed steadily through the clear medium of scientific principles, phenomena appear fairly equal in point of wonder and interest, scientific sensations being effected by the chromatic coruscations due to a medium of ignorance. It follows that the professor who has a keen eye for the astounding features of his subject must impair his power of discerning the true relations of phenomena to one another. In the act of lowering science to the level of the average intellectual capacity of a mixed assemblage, he runs a great risk of lowering the intelligence of his audience and his own into the bargain. It is a hopeless task to endeavour to make sound disquisitions on any scientific subject thoroughly intelligible to those who have not undergone special training, unless they have received a thorough general education. Broad truths, even when correctly and judiciously stated, are often beset with erroneous implications, only to be disentangled by severe, minute study. Comprehensive culture leads the mind to suspect the existence of undefined limitations, instead of holding obstinately to the letter of a statement.

Technical language is a very delicate instrument. To use it safely either long practice under efficient guidance is necessary, or else an intimate acquaintance with the powers and functions of its component parts, that is to say, with the capacities and shortcomings of language generally. Words and phrases in most cases admit of such various application that, without considerable knowledge of literary usage and a firm comprehension of the range of possible meanings of this or that expression, it is frequently impossible to catch the exact import of the language used in the rapid solution of intricate or abstruse problems, especially if the field of discussion is unfamiliar. Old associations have a terrible trick of clinging to simple forms of speech used in a new sense which they serve to obscure, and the ordinary mind has a desperate tendency to run in the old grooves which lead it away provokingly from fresh paths. Consequently the scientific teacher has almost insuperable obstacles to contend with in conveying his instructions unwarped and ungarbled to the understanding of a casual proselyte. He might well be appalled to see the grotesque shapes which his most lucid explanations take in many a note-book. Their perusal would constitute a first-rate purgatorial torment. Confusion worse confounded results, as has been pointed out, from the usual attempts to work up dry topics into an attractive form. Sensational science may have its uses, but it is a mistake to suppose that it has much direct effect in advancing the culture of the age. In literature a *dilettante* may be tolerable. A *dilettante* in science prone to make small-talk out of Huxley's or Tyndall's lectures, inflated with fallacies of his or her own extraction, and crammed with *frusta* of technical phraseology, is a social pest. How much the wiser is the unenlightened multitude for babbling of the green mud at the bottom of the deep, or of the possible influence of the planets on commercial panics? If the green mud or the Transit of Venus coaxes a little hard cash out of the pockets of crass smatterers into the ill-furnished wallet of true science, that is probably the best result of popular science. The meetings of the British Association elicit papers and discussions of divers degrees of merit, but the subscription is the only transaction of the Society which, as regards quality, is beyond criticism.

Among the collateral evils entailed by really competent teachers catering for the frivolous and illiterate, two call for special notice. One is that the very existence of such a style of teaching bolsters up the vicious, preposterous notion, so dangerous to the cause of national education, that general education can be superseded by technical instruction. It has been already implied that the former is almost always necessary, and invariably most serviceable, to sound and sure progress in the other. If any evidence be wanted in support of this position, it is at once afforded by a reference to the courses prescribed in the best technical institutions on the Continent. The other mischief to which we refer is that under the present system anybody of sufficient social standing to draw an audience considers himself entitled to hold forth at penny readings, Mechanics' Institutes, and so forth, on scientific subjects perfunctorily crammed up for the occasion.

No antagonism to the spread of scientific knowledge is implied in these animadversions; on the contrary, they are dictated by a desire to see solidity substituted for hollowness. Sound science has won so splendid a position that she can command attention without stooping to win favour. Her professors should show proper confidence in the paramount recommendations of their subject, and should over-estimate rather than undervalue the moral and mental stamina of their hearers, who should be assumed to possess the fundamental knowledge requisite for entering into a thorough treatment of the matter in hand. If, as a distinguished Professor has acknowledged before a learned Society, chivalrous feelings incline scientific men to slur over dry business in the presence of ladies, let them, remembering the dame in whose opinion the incomprehensible word "Mesopotamia" was the salt of a sermon, not scruple to mystify their female auditors. There are many of both sexes who will endure much for the sake of appearing wise, and in being treated as *bonâ fide* students lies their best chance of gliding unconsciously from the mere pretence into a fraction of the reality. In a word, the right way to infuse a healthy enthusiasm for science into all classes of society is for its representatives to exhibit themselves in their true character, and to abandon all the meretricious allurements of thaumaturgy and "sensation," giving the public clearly to understand that the genuine pursuit of scientific truth is work and not play.

SCHOOLS FOR PARENTS.

As so much has been done for children of late years, we think it is high time to take some thought for parents. It is, indeed, a glorious thing to be a child in these days. What adult would not be a boy or girl again if it were anyhow possible? To see how all the arts and sciences strive to render themselves agreeable to childhood! The thorns are all removed from its path, and no device is neglected that can make the progress of every small pilgrim easy. Schools nowadays vie with each other in making themselves attractive and delightful. We say then that, the lines having fallen to the children in such pleasant places, it might be well to give the parents a turn.

There was a time when "home" and "school" were held to denote opposite and conflicting things, like "theory" and "practice," "poet" and "critic," "promise" and "performance." The term, or the "half-year," as they used to say, was a time of distress and darkness. The master and his satellites were regarded with implacable suspicion, if not with deep-rooted hatred. Places of instruction were scenes of perpetual torture and agony. "Many a schoolmaster," says Fuller, "better answereth the name of *παιδοτρίβης* than *παιδαγωγός*; rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains 'de insolenti carnificina' of his schoolmaster, by whom 'conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos.' Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own Life:—

> From Paul's I went to Eaton sent,
> To learn straightwaies the Latin phrase,
> When fifty-three stripes given to me
> At once I had.
> For fault but small, or none at all,
> It came to passe, thus beat I was;
> See, Udall, see the mercy of thee,
> To me, poor lad.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears gnawing on their speech at their master's presence, and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master." And there is endless evidence of a much later date than that of the author of the *Holy State* as to the plagosity of the schoolmaster of the old day. Nor were there counterbalancing comforts. The domestic arrangements were rough and rude. "Shades of the prison-house" did indeed "close upon the growing boy," and he must have inclined to think that hell rather than heaven "lay about" him in those direful hours. It may well grieve our hearts to think

> What man has made of man,

and what he has made of boy, and also what boy has made of boy. No wonder if suffering humanity at times broke out in open rebellion. One could not have wondered if a French Revolution on a small scale had been occasionally enacted. What a significant feature of the old school life was that custom of "barring out"!

There was scarcely any disguise as to the relation between pupil and teacher. "Tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum." In those rough times home was indeed dear to the youthful Briton. It was his refuge, his asylum, his strong fortress. We do not mean to say that there flagellation was unknown; nor do we forget that there were cases where the teacher was milder than the parent. "When I am in presence either of father or mother," says Lady Jane Grey, according to Ascham, in a well-known passage, "whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me." In the old days as in the new there were harsh parents, who made life bitter to every one depending upon them; and in such instances even school may have been found a delicious contrast. But, as a rule, "breaking-up" day was hailed with unqualified exultation. What school song can compare with the *Dulce Domum?* That is the only song we know that is the genuine inspiration and offspring of school life. Whoever wrote it was a faithful interpreter of that life. It is the one schoolboy anthem—"Nobile canticum, dulce melos":—

Post grave tædium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.
* * *
Concinamus ad Penates
Vox et audiatur.
Phosphore, quid jubar
Segnius emicans
Gaudia nostra moratur?

But suppose we should now have to revise this famous ode. Just suppose a new version whose burden should be "Dulce scholam resonemus"—"Scholam, scholam, dulce scholam, dulce scholam resonemus." Our ancestors are probably at this moment turning in their graves at the mention of such a supposition. And yet is it so extravagant? It is a positive fact that the end of the scholastic term is not welcomed with the fervent avidity with which it used to be. The development of those games which can only be really enjoyed where boys are gathered together in large numbers accounts for much of this change. Cricket is made difficult when the eager votary can secure only the co-operation of an occasional friend, or John the footman, or the coachman's son. The character of that manly exercise is modified when a lady cousin, however fascinating, stands "point," or an aunt, however well meaning, keeps wicket. And our young friend in the very midst of his holidays pines for the society of Robinson minor and Jones tertius and Smith centesimus, albeit such intercourse can only be secured by a return to the domains of "the Doctor." We may, indeed, take this development of school games—whether it is over-done or not is not here the question—as a sign of the school change we are noticing. It has taken place mainly because masters have begun to interest themselves in such matters. And they have done so because they have wished to improve and ennoble their relations to their pupils. Friendship between boy and master—a rare relation indeed in the older days—has become not uncommon. The great gulf that seemed fixed between them has been, if not altogether filled up and removed—perhaps it may never be that—yet narrowed and made shallow, so that they can embrace across it, and pass over it one to the other. The schoolmaster's idea of his office has materially improved. He is not content to be a mere "gerund-grinder." He sees in his work something worthy of the exertion of his best powers and energies. The boy has responded well to the interest shown in him. He has ceased to hate his usher as a matter of custom and necessity. What a bond of affection when, work hours over, his form-master bowls him out, or he pays his form-master that compliment! The work hours themselves are less heavy-winged and tedious than they were wont to be. All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy; but all play and no work makes the said Jack a yet duller boy. And Jack has some inkling that it is so. He begins to see a connexion between vigour in the class-room and vigour in the field. Thus school life has undergone a transformation. It is no longer the pure weariness and misery it once was. The accommodation and the food have been correspondingly improved. We believe that there are many cases where boys live better at school than at home. At all events, all ground for complaint on this score has been taken away. It can no longer be said that schoolboys are generally ill housed and ill fed.

Now, the schoolmaster having so much improved and the schoolboy flourishing so abundantly, ought not something, we ask, to be attempted for the parent? In one way danger may spring from a prevalence of good schools. We mean that parents may be in danger of leaving everything to the master, and forgetting what they themselves ought to do for their children. Is it not so? How suspicious in more ways than one are the discussions that arise from time to time as to the length of the vacation! Is not some relief generally felt when the young gentlemen's furlough is exhausted? "Heus Rogere! fer caballos!" cries Paterfamilias, not without an inner exhilaration; while his spouse views her young Hopeful's receding form *rectis oculis*, and, says grandmamma, "Now for a little peace." And the boy himself does not break his heart about going. "Some natural tears" he sheds perhaps, if he is in the lower school; but certainly he "wipes them soon." And he is as happy to-morrow as he knows how to be. One would really think, to look round nowadays, that the admonition in the Bible—a book to which people still profess to listen with deference—about the bringing up of children was addressed not to parents, as it is, but to schoolmasters; or, to pass from St. Paul to Juvenal, that the great satirist's words were to be accepted in a quite literal sense, and the opinion held that preceptors should take the place of parents, and make them superfluous. The preceptor should, no doubt, be *parentis loco;* but also, and this is what seems becoming obsolete in the nineteenth century, the parent should be *præceptoris loco.* It is not that the schoolmaster usurps the authority and position of the parent. Indeed one may hear him grievously complaining that so much is devolved upon him. He does not carry off the children; but they are thrust into his arms by their amiable kinsfolk. In these times parents have no time to look after their offspring. The claims of society are so exacting and absorbing that it is a marvel they even know them by sight. Presently a son will need a letter of introduction to his own father; and a mother meeting her daughter casually will say, looking at her neighbour, to speak Homerically, "Who is that sweet girl?"

How can this danger be encountered—this danger of good schoolmasters making bad parents? Shall we organize a Baptismal Service Reform League? For the way in which parents are ignored in that ritual is singular in the extreme. We fear that such a movement would scarcely suffice. Shall we turn to the pulpit, and beg for sermons on the subject? But sermons are so seldom up to the mark or heard with attention; and

φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρῆσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.

That is, bad homilies corrupt good manners—an obvious rendering of a well-known passage, which has, we believe, escaped notice hitherto, and which we beg to recommend to the New Testament Revisionists. What we venture to suggest is that one or two large schools should be founded for the especial behoof of parents. We cannot here go into any minute details of our scheme. We will only say that the terms need not be long, so that "society" need not be defrauded of its victims to any serious extent. The system should be one of what is called "mixed education," papa and mamma being placed in the same form. The forms should be constituted according to the sizes of the various families patronizing the establishment. Thus, the first form should consist of parents with one darling; the second of those with two, &c. For those with families of any extraordinary number, any number exceeding six—"unhappy is he who hath his quiver full of them" (that is the right reading in these times) some special provision would be made. There should be a constant supply of other people's children, hired by the day or the week, for the pupils to do their exercises with or on. For those at the top of the school one or two picked undergraduates would be provided for experiments. A prodigal son would be always kept on the premises for reclaiming lessons. But we have no space now to elaborate our proposal. We throw our bread upon the waters—not to find it perhaps after ever so many days; but yet we throw it. Surely some City Company might be found to do something in the way of endowment. Is there no Mr. Holloway to be found?

If the scheme we have ventured briefly to sketch finds no favour with the public, we hope somebody will devise some satisfactory substitute for it; for indeed the danger we have indicated is a real one. A race of mothers that are no mothers, and fathers that are no fathers, if we may use a Greek way of speaking, is not one to be contemplated with pleasure, or that can prevail with impunity.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ENGLISH DEFEAT.

IF English tourists in Switzerland were given to reading the Swiss newspapers, we should certainly have heard some outcry about an extraordinary festival which has just been celebrated in the canton of Bern. The Swiss have no very recent victories to celebrate. They have to go back some centuries in order to find battles about which men of the whole Confederation can sing, drink, march, fire guns, and decorate in common. From the Reformation to the French Revolution the battles of the cantons were mainly against each other. All the cantons can join in a festival of Morgarten, but only the Catholic cantons in a festival of Cappel. The citizens of Bern, however, have been reminding themselves for the last few months of a victory of their ancestors which they can solemnize without giving great offence to their confederate cantons. They have just kept the five hundredth "Erinnerungsfeier" of the "Glorious defeat of the Guglers by the Berners at Fraubrunnen." Our fellow-citizen in the Bernerhof or the Bellevue, as he has thrust aside the piles of Swiss newspapers to reach his *Times*, has had no conception of the explosive material lying undiscovered in the columns of the foreign journals. He would no doubt stare incredulously if any one were to tell him that the English had been at any time beaten by the Swiss. He would stare still more if he were told that thousands of the persons around him, whom he conceives to be drawing great profits from his presence in their

land, were actually singing, drinking, processioning in historical costume, and making somewhat "Chauvinist" speeches in celebration of a bloody victory over his ancestors. For the "Guglers" who were beaten so severely at Fraubrunnen have been called for five hundred years, and are still called, the "Englanders." Such a celebration offers richer material for complaint to the *Times* than the annual grievance-mongers can find in foreign railways or foreign hotels, and it has the advantage of being entirely new. The Swiss victory over the English army has never before been celebrated, and it cannot well be celebrated again earlier than the year 1975.

It is a fact that the Swiss Confederates five hundred years ago did not merely win a single victory, but a group of victories, over the so-called English. In the end of October 1375, Ingelram, Lord of Coucy, who had married Isabella, daughter of Edward III., and upon whom that King had bestowed the titles of Count of Soissons and Earl of Bedford, proclaimed war against the Duke of Austria. Duke Leopold, son of the Kaiser Albrecht, who was slain at Morgarten in 1315, was the grandfather of De Coucy, and had engaged to give his daughter Catharine (De Coucy's mother) as her marriage portion certain towns and villages now lying mostly in the cantons of Bern and Luzern. During the long peace of half-a-century between the Confederates and the Austrian Dukes, which lasted from the great fight at Morgarten to that great fight at Sempach which was saddened by the death of the second hero of the Confederacy, Arnold von Winkelried, most of these towns and villages had become settled possessions of the Confederates. This fact was made a plea for not paying the marriage portion of De Coucy's mother. The peace between England and France had thrown a large number of professional soldiers out of work, *condottieri* by calling, who were ready to follow any leader of birth and reputation who would promise them plenty of booty. Ingelram de Coucy, in the autumn of 1375, forced his way into the Aargau with some 40,000 of these men, as Swiss historians roughly compute. In this composite force were to be seen Flemings, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Normans, Italians, and indeed soldiers of half the European tongues and lands. Those amongst De Coucy's followers who had the fortune to be born in England were undoubtedly soldiers first and Englishmen afterwards. The whole horde was roughly named "the English Army" by the Swiss Confederates, either because the majority of them had lately fought for the English King in his French wars, or because of the relationship of their leader to the English King, or because the prominent captains in the marauding host were Englishmen. Our countrymen, it is plain, made the deepest impression upon the senses of the men of Bern; they were conspicuous for their valued English horses and their gorgeous high-crowned helmets (*Gugel-hut*); from these latter the Swiss nicknamed the whole army "Guglers," the name which they still bear in Bernese tradition and song:—

Die man in diesem Land die Gugler hat genennt.

This huge army of freebooters passed through Elsass burning and robbing. Neither Pope nor Cæsar dared to stay them. They struck a terror into the hearts of the Austrians and the Confederates of which the descendants of the latter make no commemoration. The old Forest Cantons round the Vierwaldstätter See refused to come to the assistance of Austria, Bern, and Zürich. They declared that they had no inclination to sacrifice the lives of their herdsmen to assist in defending the lands of their ancient foe. By November 1375 the "Guglers" or "Englanders" had possessed themselves of nearly all the Austrian hereditary lands in the triangle between the Jura, Bern, and Zürich. Towns and fortresses fell into their hands without offering a stroke of resistance; they rifled the convents of Königsfelden, Gottstadt, Wettingen, St. Urban, and Fontaine-St.-André; destroyed, burned, or desolated Wallenburg, Altreu, Falkenstein, Aarwangen, and other places, of which a full list was given by one of the festal orators. The villagers of Langenthal were reduced to such destitution by the demands of De Coucy's army that they could scarcely defend themselves from the wolves in that miserable winter; at the best the produce of the lands was barely enough for the inhabitants, and the freebooters themselves suffered fearfully. The first victory of the Swiss over "the English" was not won by the men of Bern (as some of their confederates in other cantons have lately reminded the present festival-keepers), but by the men of Luzern, by the valedwellers of the Entlebuch, which is now a part of the latter canton. On the 23rd of December the inhabitants of this valley, roused by the oppressions which one of the divisions of De Coucy's army, under the Count of Armagnac, heaped upon them out of mere necessity of self-preservation, attacked "three thousand English warriors," and defeated them. They were helped by volunteers from Luzern and Unterwalden. As the victorious herdsmen were riding homewards on English horses, exhibiting the splendid arms of the fallen soldiers, a certain Graf Peter von Dorrenberg cried out to them, in a kind of trade-union spirit of sympathy with the defeated gentlemen-highwaymen, "O noble blood, alas that herdsmen should wear your honours." The tourist who has used the diligence from Luzern to Bern, supplanted a few days ago by the railway, may have seen the "English Barrow" at Buttisholz; it is the burial-place of his defeated ancestors.

In this first defeat of the "English," the news of which probably first awoke the courage to resist in Aargau and in Bern, the ancestors of our exuberant Bernese festival-keepers played no part at all. The "500th Festival" ought to be kept by the canton of Luzern, if kept by any canton at all, for the inhabitants of one of their valleys were the first to stand up against the mighty. The Catholic cantons, however, are scarcely in the humour at present to keep national feasts, and the "Light-City," as Luzern delights to call itself, is too entirely a city of hotels, and too intent on defeating and spoiling the contemporary English in a more bloodless manner, to be able to afford to celebrate the bloody defeat and spoliation of our ancestors.

But it is not only the fact that Bern cannot claim to have given the first check to the "English" host; she cannot claim to have added the second check. The slaughter of the Armagnacs or English at Fraubrunnen by 4,500 Bernese under Hans von Bubenberg, Schultheiss of Bern—which was Bern's own work, and which Bern has been so gorgeously celebrating—did not take place until the 25th of December, Christmas Day; or, according to other accounts, on the 26th, St. Stephen's Day; or, according to the Denkmal erected at Fraubrunnen, on "St. John's Day, which occurs about Christmas-time." But two days earlier, Otto von Bubenberg and 1,000 inhabitants of Aarberg, Nidau, and Laupen, assisted indeed by 500 Bernese, had defeated an "English corps" at Ins, between the lakes of Neuchâtel and Biel. Thus both from the east and the west the Bear of Bern received news that his foe had been crippled before he himself went out to close grapple with him. So the "Siegeslied" says:—

Und von gefang'nen Guglern ward
Zu Bern erzählt die Mähre,
Wie ihnen lange keine Fahrt
So schlecht bekommen wäre.
Als Herzog Yvo nun sein Ziel
Fraubrunnen zu genommen,
Schrie ihm der Bär: Du bist mir viel
Zu langsam zum Entkommen.

The convent of Fraubrunnen stood where its Amtshaus now stands, about halfway on the road between Solothurn and Bern. When the Council of Bern heard that a great swarm of Englishmen were so near their gates, and had possessed themselves of the convent of Fraubrunnen, they were by no means so ready at the first to go forth upon the Solothurn road as their descendants have just shown themselves to be. They proposed to burn all the intervening barns, leave the country to its fate, and await the approach of the Guglers within the walls of the city. The citizens, however, would not agree to this delay. Encouraged by the reports of the two victories, they demanded to be led out that very night; at midnight they stood under the walls of Fraubrunnen, set it on fire, and while the convent was burning, Swiss and "English," Berner and Gugler, fought fiercely for two hours hand to hand. When 1,500 Guglers hurried from Herzogenbuchsee the next morning to the help of their comrades, they found the ground strewed with their corpses. The Bernese festival-orators speak as if this fight immediately cleared the land of its invaders; historians of other cantons declare that it was not a decisive battle at all, and that Bern has no title to be so very exuberant over it. It is the historical fact that Ingelram de Coucy did not withdraw from the Aargau until March 1376, three months after the fight at Fraubrunnen.

The fifth centenary was celebrated in a fashion now common amongst the Swiss, especially in the wealthy and cultivated Protestant cities. Possibly they wish to show that the Nationalists can rival the Ultramontanists in the splendour and picturesqueness of their processions. Any one who has seen Basel or Zürich, for instance, in full decoration for a Schützenfest or Sängerfest must have been surprised at the unanimity with which all classes and orders, local artists, wits, poets, ladies, and children, contribute to the common work. Miles of evergreen wreaths are twisted, cartloads of artificial flowers manufactured, patchworks wrought, transparencies painted, verses and mottoes in German, in Schweizer-Deutsch, and in Latin (often of great point) are composed, and stretched across the streets and lanes in hundreds of places; not a house is without its garland, flag, or tapestry; many houses are decorated from the pavement to the roof; the fountains are decked with trees and flowers. To the decoration of the buildings they now add, when the festival is an historical one, a wholesale masquerading procession, a "costumirte Zug," a string of persons in the costume of the period, got up with archæological exactitude. The banners of the guilds and clubs take the place of the ecclesiastical banners used in the Catholic processions. "Rufst du, mein Vaterland," and "Heimat, Heimat über Alles," are sung by the singers' clubs and accompanied by bands of music in place of the hymns or litanies of the Catholic processions. Such a procession started very early in the morning from Bern for Fraubrunnen, to dedicate the monument in commemoration of the great Bernese victory over the English, not less than 15,000 persons taking part in it as spectators or performers. There our countrymen might have seen (some of them must surely have seen at this tourist season) Ingelram de Coucy, "Ivan of Wales and Frant," and a whole company of old English knights and squires, and groups of "Guglers," little suspecting how nearly the business concerned their own land. If any were tempted to accompany the show along the Solothurn road through Zollikofen, Jegenstorf, and Grafenried, they must have noticed the inscriptions erected at some of those places, glorifying "Mutz," the famous Bear of Bern, but speaking in very uncomplimentary terms of "the English" who felt his "dreadful claws." Thus on the triumphal arch through which the procession passed at Jegenstorf was written:—

Der Bär mit seinen gewaltigen Tatzen
Kann schrecklich umarmen und furchtbar kratzen:
Dies erfuhr denn auch vor 500 Jahr
Die *barbarisch rohe Guglersehaar.*

We have no objection to the Gugler freebooters being called barbarous and rude; but we protest against the mixed multitude

being called "English." This, however, was the title given them upon the principal inscription at the goal of the procession on the granite monument set up at Fraubrunnen:—

> Tausend dreihundert siebenzig und fünf Jahr,
> Auf St. Johannes-Tag, der um Weihnachten war,
> Zu Fraubrunnen ward die von Bern vertrieben
> Das Englisch' Heer, davon achthundert todt geblieben.

If the celebration had taken place "about Christmas," at which time the fight took place, it would have been a strict fifth centenary, and there would have been few English in the land to be amused or astounded at it. It is noteworthy that the five hundredth anniversary of Fraubrunnen is the first anniversary of the fight which the Bernese have thought of keeping. Many persons ask why they keep it now, having so long allowed it to pass by without any celebration. Some answer that Republicans love splendid dress and spectacle; a few months ago the Zürichers were parading their city in historical and symbolical costumes. Others say that the little ancient United States of Europe are as fond of occasions for speech-making and speech-hearing as the great modern United States of America; the high flights of the Yankee eagle are quite matched by the loud roars of the Bernese "Mutz"; the bull of Uri makes less noise. The speeches at the celebrations are usually all of one type. After a sober historical student has given a patiently studied account of the cause of the festival, the professional politicians take up the business; each orator declares that he is sure that in any danger the Switzer of the present day will remember that he is the heir of the men of Fraubrunnen, the men of Rütli, the men of Morgarten, the men of Sempach, and will be on the frontier with his sword and gun. One can scarcely help reflecting that the fifth century after the victory of Fraubrunner is perhaps the first century in which Bern can honestly celebrate it. The victory was the triumph of a national army over a horde of hirelings and partisans. In nearly all the wars in which the Swiss have taken part, from the fifteenth century to the anniversary of Fraubrunnen, either they have fought against one another —Catholic against Protestant, Bund-man against Sonderbund-man —or else they have fought, exactly like De Coucy's soldiers, as hirelings and partisans. It was in Bern itself that the "Jeremias Gotthelf" of Albert Bitzius, that favourite hero of the Bernese, enlisted in the French army about a hundred years ago and became one of Napoleon's "Guglers." Gotthelf has described most wonderfully the romantic devotion of the splendid Swiss fighting-men of the last century, not to Switzerland, nor to France, but simply to the greater Ingelram de Coucy of that period, of whom they spoke so affectionately as "Der Kleiner," and whom some of them still expected to appear alive from St. Helena during the July Revolution of 1830. The old captain and the young private in the French army who refused to believe that Napoleon was dead were men of Bern. The men of Bern, we may say therefore, were themselves fifty years ago possibly too much of "Guglers" to celebrate the victory of their ancestors over the "Guglers." The celebration may be an act of repentance, and a sign of the returning national self-respect. We only hope that at the six hundredth anniversary they will not call the freebooting horde an English army.

ELIGIBLE SUBURBAN RESIDENCES.

A COUPLE of victims have lately raised a wail in the *Times* over the injustice they have suffered as occupants of houses. Their cases were nearly identical. Each took an unfinished house, on the understanding that the work was to be carried out by the landlord according to certain precise stipulations. Nothing could be more liberal or straightforward than the landlords' behaviour; they not only expressed themselves eager to consider the tastes of the tenants and consult their convenience in every respect, but they bound themselves firmly in black and white. The leases once signed, the aspect of things altered. Each victim, having necessarily left his former abode on the expiration of his term, had no choice but to take possession of an unfinished tenement. What their landlords had delayed to do they did themselves, consoling themselves with the idea that they had security for those covenanted specifications in the shape of living free of house-rent. In both cases they soon discovered their mistake. The man they had dealt with was absolutely insolvent, and prior creditors held a lien on the property. The tenants had to pay the rent under penalty of being sold up; and probably in each instance they are saddled with a scamped piece of building which will furnish them with unfailing interest and excitement in repairing so long as they may be bound to it by the contract. The two gentlemen who have sought relief under their grievances by describing their sorrows in the columns of the *Times* are doubtless much to be pitied; and it is to be hoped that theirs were extreme cases. But it is a painful thought that perhaps the majority of suburban residents find the homes that should be happy continual sources of heartburning, and their landlords severe taskmasters who have had the best of them in a sharp bargain. If you are content to be old-fashioned, and have no special predilection for breathing the air that blows across damp clay-fields and fresh brick and mortar, it may not, we imagine, be hopelessly difficult to find both substantial and reasonably cheap quarters in London proper. The atmosphere of the great squares and endless streets about Bloomsbury, for example, may lie somewhat heavily on the spirits of those who are susceptible to external influences; but at least the shells of the houses must have been originally solid to have lasted so long and yet show so few signs of decay. The roofs are water-tight, or may be easily made so; the ceilings are substantial, although they may be coated with grime; the doors and windows fit their frames, the staircases do not tremble beneath your tread, and there is a thorough system of subterraneous drainage. If you live there, you may think it a wise precaution to give your family frequent changes of air; but at least you are seldom driven away by sickness unless some epidemic chance to be raging in the neighbourhood.

But if you decide on the suburbs rather than the city, your lot is likely to be much more sensational. Most people are familiar with the aspect of those rows of uniform villas, built singly or in pairs, which shoot up simultaneously from the damp soil of the suburbs. It would perhaps be fortunate for intending tenants if they enjoyed the same opportunities of inspecting them as the passengers who, living further afield, travel to and fro daily by suburban trains. All that you remark, in the first place, is the slight preliminary disturbance of the soil, which implies surface rather than subsoil drainage, to say nothing of the very slenderest of foundations. The next signs of activity take the shape of waggon-loads of half-baked bricks shot down in heaps which look as if they had been made on the shortest possible allowance of straw and heat and everything else that should be indispensable. Perhaps they lie there for some time undisturbed. The enterprising builder, now that he has given material guarantees of being in earnest, is busy negotiating accommodation on the security of his mansions in embryo. But when once the accommodation has been found, and the work is fairly under way, he makes up for lost time with a vengeance. The structures grow under the hands of the bricklayers like the enchanted marvels of a fairy tale; the walls positively run up the poles of the skeleton scaffolding like so many summer creepers under the influence of the sun in June. The secret is of course in the slimness of the workmanship. You shudder to see the workmen balancing themselves aloft when they are finishing off the attics; and the superimposition of a roof reminds you of one of those feats of delicacy of touch with which a clever child crowns its card castle. And the work within follows fast upon the work without, if it does not precisely keep pace with it. Linings of lath and plaster, leaving inevitable intervals, speedily defy embarrassing researches unless everything should be submitted to technical examination. You are yourself surprised at the growing attractiveness of the structure, all things considered. There is a neat little Gothic porch with its finial, opening out into what may one day be a garden; nothing can be more complete than the small washhouse behind, and nothing more ornamental than the iron poles in the tiny bleaching green. There is gorgeous stained glass in the grand window on the staircase, and, to crown all, there is a charming miniature conservatory breathing over the whole an indefinable sense of luxury. If even a casual spectator who has been watching the works with a purely critical interest is filled with a sense of admiring wonder, what must be the effect on the enthusiastic young matron who comes down on a hurried errand of house-hunting, when the trap has once been baited and advertised? She is enraptured with the scheme of the apartments, which has really been carefully studied and conceived; for it is quite as cheap to scamp on a good plan as on a bad one. And, surveying the smooth ceilings and the clean plastered walls with a general sense of their lightness and brightness, she probably never thinks of investigating the treacherous secrets of that whited sepulchre. It is true that prudence would suggest the having the thing regularly examined by an expert. But examinations in any case cost money, and, should their result be unsatisfactory, it would be money apparently thrown away. Besides, there is sure to be a plausible person at her elbow who has an answer ready for every objection, who gives disinterested advice with an air of impressive conviction, and who has the art of fanning the fancy of intending lessees into a warm passion for prompt acquisition. The good lady rushes home to her husband, unaffectedly eager to close the bargain; and probably she seduces him into sharing her enthusiasm. His time is money to him; or, if he should make a flying visit to judge for himself, he is prepared to see everything with her eyes, being very likely as innocent as she is. The complaisant landlord is ready to save his tenant's precious time by smoothing over the indispensable preliminary arrangements, and a lease is promptly signed, containing all the "customary clauses."

Even supposing all the engagements on the landlord's part to be duly executed, down to the papering, the disenchantment is only delayed. As the summer heat draws out the damp in the walls, spots discolouring the paper spread slowly out into patches; gorgeous crimson roses wither away in dull claret tints; the gold spangles change into dismal black. Presently, under heavy footsteps in the rooms overhead, patterns like gigantic cobwebs begin to meander about over the ceilings; there are cracks that will grow later into rifts, until at length the plaster begins to crumble. All this, disagreeably suggestive as it is, proves to be but the beginning of graver evils. The first gale that rudely rattles the casements goes howling about the house, as if in disgust at not getting out again; whistles piteously through the keyholes, and raises the carpets in cold billowy swells. The little house gets so chilly that you must think reluctantly of untimely fires, and at last you kindle them only to find that the chimneys smoke atrociously. The coughing that follows the swallowing the acrid smoke is but a prelude to the chronic colds which the family soon begins to lay in. The next gale comes accompanied by rain, and the downpour is driven in jets through the window-sashes on to the new carpets. A slate gets loose, and falls on

the conservatory roof, smashing the globe of gold fish below it, while the wet that comes streaming through the hole in the roof floods the servants out of the back attic. You send in hot haste for the slater, but only to find his services bespoken by neighbours on either side of you, all in very similar plight. If these things are done in the green tree, what will happen in the dry? If these are your summer and autumn experiences, what is to become of you in the depths of the winter? The damp hunts you from room to room, till you are all huddled together like Esquimaux in the small close parlour that happens to be over the kitchen fire. When a weight of snow has settled on the roof, it melts and soaks in everywhere between the ill-secured slates, till at last the water may be heard dripping in streams behind the lath and plaster, and the walls positively steam under an inordinate consumption of coal. In those first frosts the cold was hard enough to bear, yet you look wistfully back on that time of suffering, when your pipes have burst everywhere in the thaw, and the scullery becoming absolutely untenantable has brought the operations of cooking to a standstill. You may somehow survive a single winter, having spent it very much to the profit of your coal-merchant, doctor, and chemist, to say nothing of the corps of builders, plumbers, &c. It is true that for the first time in your life you have been conscious of flying twinges of rheumatism; that your wife, who seldom was out of sorts before, complains that she has never had a day's health since the autumn; that the doctor shakes his head over the cough which threatens to settle on the lungs of the elder child, while the baby has been crowing away in incipient whooping cough like the bantam cock in your neighbour's backyard. Spring air coming in through the open windows may tide you for the time over your ailments, if you and your family have naturally sound constitutions; but in the heats of the next summer a more insidious enemy lies in wait for you. In hot, muggy days you have been sensible of a suspicious smell, which sometimes becomes actually offensive towards the small hours of the night. Then there comes through your area railings a whisper of an ugly case of typhoid fever only three doors off; on inquiry, you learn that the whole family there is sickening, and from the other side of you come similar reports similarly confirmed. The Sanitary Inspector, fetched in haste, reports the condition of the drains to be most discreditable, and all along the row the internal arrangements of sewers and pipes are found to leave everything to be desired. Whoever pays in the end for putting them to rights, you must change your quarters in the meantime while the necessary work is being done, if you set any store by the health of yourself and family. You are naturally anxious as to the seeds of disease which you may be carrying away with you; the more so that you meet the hearse on its way to your neighbour's, just as you are driving off in a procession of cabs. The worst of it is that you are bound to your bargain, and are driven to the dilemma of either buying yourself off or coming back in the assured expectation of an uncomfortable and unhealthy life. All things considered, it is at least as needful for the tenant to insist on references with regard to his landlord, as for the landlord to inform himself with regard to his tenant. In the one case it is mainly a question of solvency, for leases are liberally construed in the landlord's favour; in the other case it is a question of character and of solvency as well. Of course it is also most imprudent to take a house without a thorough previous examination by competent experts; but then, if residents in the suburbs were over-particular, we know not how they would manage to house themselves at all.

MONT DORE-LES-BAINS.

THE volcanic group of Mont Dore is the loftiest and most restricted in area of the Auvergne mountains. Its scenery is thus bolder than that of the Puy-de-Dôme; bolder also than that of the Cantal, with which it has more points of resemblance. The igneous action appears to have been almost quiescent here at a time when the cones around the Puy-de-Dôme were in full activity; for, though not a stone is visible which is not of volcanic origin, no trace of a crater remains upon the higher hills, and only a few sporadic vents are visible down in the valleys on the edge of the district. The region in fact is exactly in the same condition as the Siebengebirge on the Rhine, and bears a relation to the Puy-de-Dôme district similar to that which those hills bear to the volcanoes of the Eifel on the opposite bank of the river.

Almost hidden in a valley beneath the highest summit of the group lies Mont Dore-les-Bains, a village thronged during some three months of the year by French invalids, but unknown to the ordinary British tourist; for it is a good six hours' journey from any railway station. Diligences ply two or three times in the day from Clermont-Ferrand, and furnish the readiest way of reaching it. From that town it is a long and often steep ascent till the watershed of the uplands of Auvergne is reached, whence the streams flow on one side to the Loire, on the other to the Dordogne. The vineyards and apricot orchards of the Limagne are left behind after the first steep ascent, which brings us to a rolling upland country, generally bare of trees, and covered with corn, on which the higher hills are placed like groups of models on a table. Here and there on the plateau, or from the flanks of a wooded glen, grey granite tors rise up, reminding us, though on a smaller scale, of the scenery of Dartmoor; but the plateau generally is dull and featureless, an almost unbroken expanse of rotten granite or dark volcanic sand, with here and there the rugged surface of a lava-stream. So we pass on for some four hours, the road generally rising just enough to render progress slow, enlivened only by the fine views of the Puy-de-Dôme chain, which is gradually left behind. A change, however, is at hand; already we have noticed that the shallow glens which rise about us have a westward instead of an eastward trend, when, as the road is winding up yet higher along the shoulder of a hill, some rough crags are noticed rising over it. In a few minutes more, a view no less beautiful than strange lies before us. We have reached the head of a glen, round which the road runs. Its densely-wooded walls form a kind of *cirque*, and its level floor lies several hundred feet below. Two great crags stand on either hand, the gateway towers of this mountain oasis. Each is a huge cluster of natural columns; these, in the cliff on the right hand, are very perfectly defined, but are bent into strange forms as they diverge from a common centre like a tuft of flexible rushes. Those on the other side are ruder and on a vaster scale, but more regular in their arrangement. They, however, are cut by such numerous cross fissures that they appear as if built up of great paving stones. The bold forms of these precipices are welcome after the monotonous outlines of the plateau, and their grey masses contrast pleasantly with the rich greenery on the adjacent slopes and the meadows below. These have scarcely been passed when the road turns sharp to the left, and begins its descent over bare moorland pastures. A little lake is soon reached, where in the background we catch our first view of the Puy-de-Sancy. The stream from this lake plunges down a narrow glen. Trees at once clothe its side, and with crags and pines on either hand, and the leaping water below, we seem to have been suddenly transported into the Alps. Indeed this impression remains with us so long as we are near Mont Dore. The mountains are bold and rugged; their upper slopes are pastures, where not a few Alpine flowers are growing; their lower are clad with the pine and beech; the air also is fresh and keen, tempering even the July sun of Central France.

The baths are situated in a broad trough-like glen which runs up into the heart of the Puy-de-Sancy, and is enclosed by its steep precipitous slopes. It is a cluster of grey and white houses, with grey roofs. They build with lava, they slate with a fissile lava, and whitewash is their only attempt at polychrome, so the effect is dull enough. When the throng of bathers has departed—and, like summer butterflies, they only come for three months—the place must be dreary indeed. For the season, however, its streets are gay enough, except that the number of real invalids in the crowd is not enlivening. The waters are beneficial in various affections of the throat and lungs; thus the diseases which bring patients are of a more serious class than those treated at springs frequented by the dyspeptic and the enfeebled, where the *malade imaginaire* contributes largely to the population. The stairs of the hotels, the streets, and the little square in front of the baths, are all alive at an early hour with blue-bloused porters trotting up and down with primitive sedan-chairs, which look very like converted sentry-boxes. In these chairs patients are shrouded from the keen morning air, or it may be from eyes too prone to notice the absence of art's finishing touches. Not a few patients, especially of the male sex, go on foot to the baths, and custom has sanctioned costumes which would hardly do in Bond Street. Little more can be seen than a voluminous garment of coarse white flannel, something between an Ulster and the robe of a Carmelite friar, from below one end of which appear a pair of *sabots*, and deep in the recesses of a conical hood at the other the tip of a nose is visible—nay, not always visible, for the face, especially after the bath, is often swaddled in a voluminous "cloud." The treatment consists in drinking glasses of the lukewarm water, in walking up and down a foggy room, like an ill-ventilated laundry, to inhale the vapour, for which sprinkling with the spray is sometimes substituted, and in ordinary bathing—the last two processes being separated by an hour of bed. The day's discipline being now over, the *dejeuner* follows, after which the "world" makes excursions, returning to dinner about five or six. There is a tiny park near the baths, with a *cafe* at one end, and a pile of ruins at the other, consisting of bits from an early Romanesque church, and various fragments of Roman buildings (for these baths have been in use since days before those of Cæsar); here society drinks its coffee, and walks up and down to listen to rustic music or chaffer with itinerant pedlars, till the evening chill drives all indoors.

All the world of course goes up the Puy-de-Sancy, but all do not make the ascent in the same manner. The English traveller, untrammelled by the morning duties at the springs, drinks an early cup of coffee, puts a little food into his satchel, and is off before the sun has begun to glitter on the dew-drops in the valley. For nearly an hour the ascent along the floor of this is gentle, through luxuriant pastures, and by clusters of pine and beech. Then there is a choice of routes; the steeper and shorter track leads by the side of a sulphur mine directly up from the head of the valley to the alps beneath the peak; the other, the ordinary horse path, swerves round to the left, and is the longer but much the easier way. Both these tracks unite on an undulating tract of upland meadow, from which the Puy-de-Sancy rises; on this side a grassy pyramid, broken here and there by short steps of rock. It is accessible by either ridge, and by that on the left it is possible to ride within a few minutes of the top. The difficulty of the ascent is, in fact, about equal to that of Snowdon from Llanberis. The view from the summit is one in many respects, so far as

our experience goes, unique. The configuration of the group already mentioned produces a sense of isolation, and causes the mind to exaggerate unconsciously the elevation which has been reached. Central France appears to be seen from a gigantic watch-tower. For a short distance the broken grassy fells of the Mont Dore group partially surround us on the north and west, but on the east and south they fall down rapidly to the general level of the Auvergne plateau. In the one direction the eye ranges over endless fields of corn till it is arrested by the chain of the Puy-de-Dôme; beyond this lies, dim in the morning haze, and almost like a lake, the rich valley of the Allier, to which the glen of the Chambon, starting almost from beneath our feet, makes its way by the castled crag of Murols. The Forez Hills, grey shadows in the distance, bound the view in this direction; in the other, beneath the crags of the Puy-de-Sancy, extends a bare moorland district, dotted here and there with a forest or a crater lake, till it again rises to the rugged group of the Cantal. From this, right away almost to the north, the ground beyond the limit of our island group declines gently westward till the undulating carpet of cornfield, forest, and meadow melts away into the distance. It is only in these central districts of France, with all their wealth of arable land and vineyards, of pasture and woodland, that one begins to understand wherein the life of the nation consists, and how it has weathered so many storms.

As the day becomes hotter we saunter homewards, and learn what we have escaped in our solitary musings on the peak. In descending we meet string after string of excursionists, almost all mounted, who have duly waited to do justice to all the courses of the *déjeuner*, and are now too full to do aught but ride. Invalids of course have no choice, but many of these are neither old nor unhealthy. Young England would scorn the idea of riding up a mere hill, and would insist on an early start. Young France must wait till the all-important *déjeuner* is over, and then equips himself in the most correct costume for a *promenade à cheval*. He would have a better chance with the Teutons if he thought less of *panem et circenses*, the *table-d'hôte* and the *café*, and more of outdoor pleasures and manly exercises. But let the chattering throng pass; by the time they reach the top the view will probably be spoiled by clouds.

The charms of Mont Dore are not, however, exhausted by the Puy-de-Sancy—there is the wild scenery of the Gorge d'Enfer, with its trachyte crags; the glen beneath the Cacadon, with its grassy lawns and pretty woods, an Alpine glen in miniature; the Grande Cascade, which Mr. Scrope has made classic ground to geologists; the Salon de Mirabeau, and a dozen more. At a greater distance is the little Lac de Chambon and the ruined castle of Murols, and yet further the two villages of St. Nectaire—the one with its grand Romanesque church, the other with its endless mineral springs, all different, and all, to say the truth, rather nasty. But to enlarge on these would be too long a task; the reader who is tired of the sound of his own language, and wants to see a thorough French bathing-place, cannot do better than go to Mont Dore and examine them for himself.

MR. RUSKIN ON LOCAL MUSEUMS.

MR. RUSKIN has a very touching belief in his personal infallibility. It may be questioned whether even Pius IX. is so fully convinced of the validity of his own claims. Like the Pope, Mr. Ruskin has a way of snubbing his warmest admirers. Some of them resent this treatment, but he will have nothing but complete submission. Adherents who only partly believe are reckoned as infidels. Whether the list of disciples whom Mr. Ruskin would acknowledge is extensive no one can tell. It is impossible for anybody to know whether or not he satisfies Mr. Ruskin's requirements. Speke told us of an African king whose code of court etiquette was such that every morning a lady or two had to be beheaded for unconsciously violating it. Mr. Ruskin orders his friends for instant execution for transgressions which he alone sees to be sinful. The list of true believers may come before long to contain only one name. In fact, there are grounds for supposing that nobody is quite pleasing to Mr. Ruskin, and that the list of devotees is already limited to his own name. What Mr. Ruskin's chief or sole admirer may want in numbers he more than makes up in other ways. It would be absurd to praise his unanimity, but the ardour of his admiration is undoubted. Had Mr. Bragge, when smarting last week under one of Mr. Ruskin's most infallible utterances, spoken of him as a man whom much self-contemplation had deranged, he would perhaps have been nearer the truth than in saying that "much learning had made him mad." Learned as Mr. Ruskin certainly is, he may still be able to grapple successfully with considerable additions to his stock of knowledge. If Mr. Bragge must needs compare him with St. Paul, he could have found expressions to fit him far better. St. Paul tells us in one place that he speaks "as it were foolishly in this confidence of boasting." But Mr. Ruskin never thinks it necessary to apologize for his confidence, and if he alienates ardent admirers, such as Mr. Bragge, he at least satisfies himself and those who, like the Corinthians, will bear even foolishness from their favourite teacher. Like the Pope, he fulminates encyclicals against modern learning, and would abolish, not only railways, but cast iron. But even infallibility does not justify rudeness, and if Mr. Bragge ever writes again to Mr. Ruskin or ever quotes *Fors Clavigera* in another Sheffield speech, he will prove himself the most forgiving of men.

To Mr. Bragge, indeed, a great part of the credit is due for getting up the Sheffield Museum. He has spared neither trouble nor cost. His own splendid collection of wrought-iron work, formed by years of unremitting care, makes the nucleus of a show which ironworkers have already been enabled to study; but it has been half hidden in the rooms of the School of Art. Now, however, he has persuaded his fellow-townsmen to make an adequate building, and has laboured hard to store it well with contributions from others, until, to use his own words in a recent speech, it contains specimens of "the whole of the historic period and the mediæval period down to the present time." He is sure that the money which has been spent by Sheffield will come back to it, and that "no investment which Sheffield can make will give so large and so handsome a return." When Mr. Ruskin complains of the "capitals of the iron shafts in any railway station," and thinks that they are "things to make a man wish, for shame of his species, that he had been born a dog or a bee," he is talking wholly beside the mark, and discouraging the public spirit of men who hold with Mr. Bragge "that no man, however well informed, can go through an establishment in which he can see the successive range of processes or stages of manufacture of any article which he was not in the daily habit of working upon, without getting clearer and better ideas as to the manufacture than he had before." And it may be added, by way of corollary, that to metal-workers, whether in wrought-iron, cast-iron, or cutlery, the value of such a museum as that now happily opened, though without Mr. Ruskin's assistance, is incalculable, and its advantages are only commensurate with the amount of study and the facilities for study with which they are presented. Mr. Ruskin's sneers at the Sheffield Museum are worth no more than his sneers at the Oxford Museum, with its rows of "distorted skulls." If Sheffield wishes to add to its collections one of ethnological remains, it should return Mr. Ruskin's compliments by a request for a cast of his own to head the row of dolichocephalic and brachycephalic specimens. Whether the new museum is or is not "an exhibition of the possible mode of doing wrong," the Sheffield folk have done wisely in making it, and have no need to fear that anything Mr. Ruskin has said or can say will prevent its being of the greatest use to their designers and workmen. Mr. Bragge is perhaps too much inclined to lean upon South Kensington and its reproductions, but he has enough, and more than enough, already in the museum to justify the expense into which their public spirit, which he has so successfully awakened, has led the authorities of his town. When Mr. Bragge hopes to see branch classes for the study of art established in the Board schools—a wish partly accomplished already—he shows the practical nature of his present enterprise, and every one, except Mr. Ruskin, will join in congratulating him.

It is so far true that art workmanship in England is at a low level. Beautiful objects of everyday use, and especially objects in metal-work, are scarce among us. The French with their remarkable skill in such things have completely overshadowed us. They produce articles superior to ours in all mechanical qualities. The brilliancy of their talents in this respect commands our admiration, and their faults of taste are too often condoned in consequence. In our own manufactures we are too apt to forget that solidity and completeness are not enough. For ornamentation we are too willing to fall back on the meretricious and showy French work. Schools of excellent metal-work have existed and do exist among us. There are ancient door-hinges in our old churches which vie with anything ever produced elsewhere. A hundred and fifty years ago wrought-iron railings were made and set up in London of which we have no cause to be ashamed. And even in cast iron good things have been made, though our knowledge of how to use it properly is still in its infancy. It is the same with gold and silver work, though here, perhaps, we have reached a lower depth than in any other department. Elizabethan cups and centre pieces are often very good, but modern racing plate is generally what Mr. Ruskin calls a "barbarous abortion." The old vessels for the holy table in many a country church would throw the chalices and flagons of our own day, costly and magnificent as they sometimes are, quite into the shade. Our candlesticks are too often not only useless, but hideous. Our fenders and fire-irons for the most part disgrace our hearths and homes. Our door-knockers are distorted, and our bell-pulls forbidding. We cannot so much as scrape our feet without being reminded how little our workmen know of art. But in such movements as this at Sheffield we may see the dawn of a better day. It is possible to make a cannon or a bedstead full of true beauty, and there is no reason why things with any pretension to style should be dearer than others. Sheffield steel is already famous for its temper and endurance. The time may come when it will add beauty to its other qualities. And if such a time should ever arrive, the efforts now being made for showing good examples to the working class may be thanked. If the teachers and lecturers are wise they will not inculcate mere imitation. All the reproductive power of South Kensington has not succeeded in making a student able to forge such a railing as that on Queen Eleanor's tomb in Westminster Abbey. But the dissemination of true principles of art among workmen already mechanically skilful may lead to results far beyond any which are to be seen even at Antwerp or Nuremberg. We have the testimony of one of Mr. Ruskin's fellow Slade Professors that the working classes of Birmingham heard him gladly, and profited by his lectures; and we may confidently assert that to discourage such attempts as this at Sheffield is a piece of wanton stupidity, such as Mr. Ruskin would have been the first to condemn in any one but

himself. English workmen have produced worthy work, and there is no reason why they should not do so again. At present we are behind other nations, especially France. We are accustomed to talk of the excellence of French taste, and are inclined to forget that our home supply is by no means deficient either in quantity or quality. In a speech delivered at Sheffield last year Mr. Bragge made some remarks on this head which have not received the notice they deserved. He pointed out that we have until now so neglected the education of our children that "the coming generation will have to fight such a battle as only English pluck and English perseverance can win"; and he went on to apply his remark to a subject everywhere acknowledged to be of the utmost importance. Foreign workmen have beaten ours through their superior technical education. Our mechanics will have to fight those highly-educated artisans who are rising up by the hundred thousand in every part of the Continent, and who are far better qualified to execute their work, because they understand the principles on which they work. Their tastes are more highly cultivated, and even their morality is better. And Mr. Bragge did not pause here. "The next generation of English artisans," he predicted, "will have to fight a battle much more severe than is being fought at present. The severity of foreign competition will be felt in Sheffield perhaps more severely than in any town in England; and it is necessary that employers should do what they can to help the working-man to fight for them the great battle which has to be fought."

To do Mr. Ruskin justice, the worst fault to be found with his views, so far at least as we can make them out, is their unpractical character. By the time he has refined and refined back to first principles, it may be hoped Sheffield workmen will have learnt something to guide them from their new museum. Mr. Ruskin, unjustly perhaps, depreciates the value of the collections. They may contain much that is good, even though they have also much that is bad; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Bragge and his coadjutors will find lecturers competent to distinguish the bad from the good. Mr. Ruskin always aims at the truth, and often hits his mark. There is no doubt, as a matter of principle, that one should never look at ugly things or buy bad work. Nature agrees with Mr. Ruskin. But an important factor is left out of all his calculations. Call it Original Sin, or human nature, or Satanic influence, or by any other name, it is a force with which Mr. Ruskin does not even attempt to cope. He makes the mistake made by Communists and Comtists; his philosophy will only instruct those who do not need its instruction, those who already love their brethren as themselves. There is one point of view from which he has never had so much as a peep. It is that of people who "have nothing a year and find themselves." He seems to forget that such people must live; or rather, he does not think they should if they cast iron capitals. It is easy for a man with ever so many thousands a year—we forget how many, but he tells us in *Fors*—to put such considerations aside. Had Mr. Ruskin been so fortunate as to be ruined in early life he might have bloomed into the greatest reformer we have ever had. As it is, Mr. Bragge and his coadjutors, in seeking for a man of name to open their museum, committed the usual mistake of provincials, and betrayed themselves into Mr. Ruskin's jaws. They may learn from their present mishap a useful lesson. They are quite able to stand by themselves. Let us venture to counsel them to avoid alike abstract principles and Brompton reproductions.

WORKSOP AND BLYTH.

THE county of Nottingham contains, at a short distance from each other, two churches of a class in which the historical inquirer finds perhaps more to attract him than any other. We mean the class where, technically speaking, the monastic and the parochial church stood close together under one roof. But of course the effect is better described, and the description is often historically accurate, by saying that the church was divided between the monks and the parish, the parish taking the western part and the monks the eastern. What was architecturally a single church was, as regards the right of possession, two. When the Dissolution came, the monastic part of the building went the way of all monastic property, and was preserved, destroyed, or simply dismantled, as might happen. But the dissolution of the monastery in no way affected the rights of the parishioners, and the part of the church which belonged to them remained their parish church as beforetime. In such cases then the existing parish church consists of the nave of a minster, the eastern part of which has commonly either vanished or remains as a ruin. This is the case with the two neighbouring churches of which we speak, the Benedictine priory of St. Mary at Blyth, and the priory of Austin Canons of St. Cuthbert at Worksop. In each case the nave, the parish church, alone stands; of the monastic church there are no remains at Blyth, and only a ruined fragment at Worksop. The dates of the two foundations are not far apart. Both monasteries arose in the days of the Conqueror's sons. But the surviving part of Blyth still keeps the architecture of the date of its foundation, while at Worksop we find the Romanesque style, if Romanesque we can still call it, in its latest form. The effect of the two buildings as we draw near to them is widely different. Worksop, with its twin towers, proclaims at the first glimpse its character as a minster. Blyth, on the other hand, shows itself in the distance by a single tower, not without stateliness, but which would not suggest that it belonged to anything but an ordinary village church. Indeed, if a visitor could be set down immediately under the south wall of the church, he would not be the least inclined to suspect either the antiquity or the stateliness of the inside. Where the nave alone is left, where the cruciform shape of the building has therefore vanished, a slight change may easily destroy the external character of a church which within follows the full type of a minster of a high order.

In this respect Blyth is the exact opposite to Boston. No one could be disappointed on entering the church of Blyth, because no one could have suspected from its comparatively humble exterior that a nave, keeping among many disfigurements all the grandeur of a great early Romanesque church, was to burst upon him as soon as he entered the door. The name of Blyth is found at least once in general English history without any relation to its monastery. In 1102, when Henry the First was putting down the rebellion of Robert of Belesme, when Bridgenorth had already surrendered, the King marched to Blyth, which is described by Orderic as "castrum," and was there joyfully received by the garrison. Orderic speaks of the place as having been formerly in the possession of Roger "de Buthleio." His name is spelt in endless ways; in Domesday he is "De Busli," in the charters of Blyth the name is "Builly," "Bullei, "De Bulleio," seemingly anything that seemed good to the scribe. But, with all this variety of name, there is no doubt as to the identity of the man; he appears in Domesday the owner of a great estate in Nottinghamshire and elsewhere, and he was the founder of the Priory of Blyth. The house was in a certain degree of dependence on the monastery of the Holy Trinity at Rouen. Yet the Priory of St. Mary at Blyth was an independent corporation. It was not counted as an alien priory at the dissolution of alien priories, though it was at least once taken into the King's hands during the war with France. All that now remains of the monastery and its belongings is the parochial part of the church, the constructive nave. Within we at once see that the main fabric cannot be much later than the time of the original foundation. The features of the nave, triforium, and clerestory are all of them early Norman. Some of the details are strikingly like those of the chapel of the White Tower. Any one would at first sight set down the nave of Blyth as being fully a generation earlier than the choir of Durham, which must have been going on at the same time. That is to say, Roger of Busli did not call to the work an architect of the same genius as Bishop William of St. Carilef, or whoever it was that Bishop William employed. His work therefore lags a little behind. It is work which not only Roger of Salisbury but Randolf Flambard would certainly have looked on as old-fashioned. Every instance of this kind is instructive, as teaching the lesson to all who can take it in of the wide difference between questions of style and mere questions of date. The nave of Blyth can hardly have been finished before the early days of Henry the First, yet it has all the simplicity as well as the grandeur of the earliest Norman. Its vaulted roof was not contemplated by its original builders, but no one can regret its addition here any more than at Malmesbury. That the triforium on one side has given way to a range of very late windows we certainly regret, but we would not in any repair of the building wipe out the record of a change which is part of its history.

But more remarkable than these changes was the change in the general character of the building which makes the stateliness of the Romanesque interior come upon us as something of which the outside gave no sign. As not uncommonly happened in such cases, the parishioners seem to have striven at a somewhat later time to give their part of the church a distinctly parochial character. They built a new and wide south aisle, after the manner of Grantham, a change which was also made at Wymondham, and, on the greatest scale of all, at Leominster. As at Leominster, the new aisle, and not the Norman nave of the minster, seems to have become the main body of the parish church. At all events, it is so at present. Later again, as at Wymondham also, they built a western tower, in this case, as at Shrewsbury and Malmesbury, within the original nave, so that we have to add another to the long list of former examples of the now rare arrangement of a central and western tower grouped as at Wimborne. Altogether this, we fancy, very little known church of Blyth is a highly instructive building, both in the character of its original architecture and in the changes which it has since gone through.

The greater neighbour of Blyth, the Augustine Priory of Worksop or Radford, supplies in some points a contrast to its fellow. The beginnings of Worksop were rather later than those of Blyth, the foundation having been made in 1103 by William of Lovetoft. His name is not to be found in Domesday, which suggests the belief that he was one of the many new men who rose to importance under Henry the First. But if the foundation of Worksop is only a little later than that of Blyth, the style of the building is a good deal later. It is still Romanesque, so far as it keeps the round arch and something of Romanesque proportion, but the style is the very latest to which the name of Romanesque can be given. That is to say, the comparatively small church of Blyth was probably finished from east to west by its original founder, while the much larger pile of Worksop took a much longer time to build, and was not finished till quite the last years of the twelfth century. As at Durham, as in so many other cases, we can see that the eastern limb, and just so much of the western as was needed to form a support for the central tower, was built first, and that the western part was not carried on till after a longer or shorter interval. The break is easily to be seen in the change of detail of the nave of Worksop. All that

is now left of the first work, that is, the eastern bay, is, as compared with Blyth, late and rich Romanesque, but the nine bays to the west of it are again much later and richer. We may be sure that their architect, had he been designing a perfectly new building, would have used the pointed arch. As at Peterborough and Ely, he used the round arch only because his own taste or the bidding of his employers told him to adapt the new work to the general proportions of the old. In fact, he did use the pointed arch where he could. He could not venture to alter the great lines of the pier-arch, triforium, and clerestory, but in the smaller and purely ornamental arches of the triforium range the pointed arch is actually used. This reverses the usual rule, according to which the pointed shape appears first in the constructive and afterwards in the merely decorated arches. Here again we see how far the ancient architects were from following any inflexible rule, and how readily they adapted themselves to the requirements of any particular set of circumstances. The whole nave is a study both for the grandeur of its general effect and for the richness and beauty of its detail; but we feel that that detail would have been more in place if it had been adapted to other constructive forms. The internal elevation of Worksop nave is a stately one, but there is a certain degree of trick in the treatment of the triforium and clerestory. Greater space is found for the triforium range by placing the clerestory windows over the piers, which take the form of columns alternately round and octagonal. Worksop had two western towers from the beginning, so that the change which was made in the general outline of the church at Blyth could not be made here. But an old drawing shows that a good deal had been done in the way of lowering roofs and putting in windows in the triforium range, just as at Blyth. These changes, which ought never to have been made, but which, when once made, form part of the history of the building, were with questionable judgment wiped out in a restoration made some years back. As we have already said, the existing church consists only of the parochial part, the constructive nave of the minster. But the extent of the monastic church has been traced, an unusually long eastern limb ending in an apse. A chapel of the thirteenth century attached to the east of the south transept still remains, though ruined. Parts of the cloister and dormitory may be traced to the north of the nave, and the noble gateway of the priory remains at some distance to the south. We may add that the visitor to Worksop will find a really useful guide in the present parish clerk, a man of unusual knowledge of the building of which he is keeper, and who can point out real discoveries of his own making. Men of this class are not common; there was just such another at Romsey Abbey, but he is now dead. When we meet with such a guide as this, we have no objection to be personally conducted, otherwise the visitor is best pleased when, as is the case at Blyth, he can get the key for himself, and is freed from the company of any guide at all.

ECCLESIASTICAL MATTERS IN ITALY.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has somewhere observed, in commenting on the present condition of the Roman Church, that "there is still some life in the extremities, but the heart of the great theocracy is growing cold." It is no doubt the fact, however we may choose to explain it, that the authority of Rome is most efficiently exercised and most readily obeyed in regions furthest removed from the shadow of the Vatican. It has often been remarked that English Roman Catholics are, as a rule, *ultramontanis ultramontaniores*, and the same criticism might be applied, perhaps with still greater force, to their Transatlantic brethren. The first elevation of an American prelate to the Sacred College in the person of Cardinal McCloskey shows, as we have before had occasion to point out, that the Curia has at last become alive to the significance of this state of things. In one sense, indeed, there is nothing new in it. "The nearer the Church the further from God" is a very ugly-sounding proverb, but it has always had a certain meaning which an intelligent Italian would not be slow to appreciate. It has even been made a boast by some of the most zealous apologists of the Papacy that it is never so successful in achieving fresh conquests in distant lands as when it is powerless or oppressed at home. The Popes of the tenth or fifteenth century, whose scandalous lives, and sometimes very doubtful orthodoxy, shocked or alienated their own subjects, could still command the religious reverence of Catholic Europe. When Italy was honeycombed with secret unbelief, and not indisposed to listen to the preaching of the Protestant Reformers, Spain came forward to fight, both with carnal and spiritual weapons of the most trenchant kind, the battles of a Church which seemed for the time almost to have lost faith in itself. To be sure, the champions of Rome had an awkward way of discriminating between their spiritual and their temporal obligations, which ought, on the principles proclaimed by Pius IX., to have subjected them to the greater excommunication. Ranke has described the horrors of the sacking of Rome by the unimpeachably Catholic soldiers of the leading secular representative of the Catholic cause. But still the hold of the Papacy on the spiritual allegiance of its foreign supporters was a very real one, far more real than the reverence usually accorded to it in the nearer neighbourhood of the Holy City itself. So far then there is nothing new or particularly worthy of notice in the phenomenon to which Mr. Goldwin Smith calls attention, nor would it be at all safe to accept without much reservation the inferences as to the future which he is disposed to draw from it. But, while the fact itself is familiar, and not perhaps very difficult to explain, there is a notable difference in the manner and circumstances of its manifestation in the present day. Here also we have need to be on our guard against an exaggerated estimate of the importance of events which may be striking to the eye of an outsider rather than really indicative of any permanent change. But there can be no doubt that, since the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops on its conversion into the civil capital of the new kingdom, the Papacy has entered on a new phase of its chequered existence. And if Protestants are too ready, as may well be the case, to connect its temporal with its ecclesiastical humiliation, they may at least plead the very highest Papal authority for pursuing such a line of argument.

These considerations give an interest which it would not otherwise possess to a dispute which occurred the other day at Mantua, and which moreover does not stand alone. A very similar occurrence was reported some little time before from Sicily. The Italian Parliament has, if we are not mistaken, passed a law authorizing the parishioners, under certain conditions, to elect their own parish priest, though no attempt has been made to interfere with the ordinary course of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, unless where local circumstances call for special intervention. It has, indeed, throughout been the policy of the Government to cultivate friendly relations as far as possible with the Church authorities, probably in the hope, which is by no means unreasonable, that under the next Pontiff some recognized *modus vivendi* may be agreed upon between the rival powers. Cardinal Vitelleschi, for instance, whose elevation to the purple was announced the other day, and who is a man of considerable theological repute, is supposed to favour moderate counsels. But meanwhile this matter of parochial elections is one which may obviously have important results. The election of bishops and pastors by their flocks is a reform which has long been popular with an influential section of Liberal Catholics in Italy, and is one of the five points enumerated in his *Cinque Piaghe* by Rosmini, who viewed it as a return to the primitive discipline of the Church. Into the historical question we need not enter here, nor is it necessary to discuss the abstract expediency of the measure. The reported proceedings of the election the other day to the vicarage of Clerkenwell will hardly encourage a desire for the introduction of the proposed system into England. But the circumstances of Italy and England are very different, and at all events some new infusion of the lay element into ecclesiastical affairs can hardly be regarded as other than desirable by Italians whose Catholicism is not of the Ultramontane type. The sharply drawn line of demarcation which at present separates priest and people has never in the long run proved conducive to the best interests of religion, and the virtual exclusion of the laity from anything but a mere otiose and formal participation in the concerns and ordinances of the Church was the point mainly dwelt upon, under various aspects, in Rosmini's well-known work.

What has taken place in the diocese of Mantua is thus reported. On the death of the parish priest of San Giovanni del Dosso a successor named Lonardi was nominated to the cure, and received the *placet* of the Procurator-General of Brescia. For some reason, which is not specified, the Bishop of Mantua, Mgr. Rota, did not approve the appointment, and named another priest, Prati by name, to the cure of the parish, to whom the royal *placet* was refused. Hereupon the parishioners, who resented the Bishop's interference, held a meeting, and elected Lonardi by a large majority; the election was duly recorded by a notary public, and Lonardi was formally inducted into the benefice by the archpriest of Cavriana, amid popular rejoicings, and appointed one Coelli as his curate. The Bishop, however, declared both appointments null and void, excommunicated the two priests, and maintained the exclusive right of his own nominee, in vindication of which he appealed to the legal tribunals:—

In the interests of the minority—a very small one—who did not vote for Don Lonardi, Monsignor Rota proceeded to cite that priest and his assistant before the Civil Tribunal of Mantua for unlawful possession of the church and benefice. The trial came on before the Cavaliere Cristani, and both sides were represented by very able counsel. The plea of the plaintiffs was dismissed, and Don Lonardi and his curate Don Coelli declared in legal possession of their respective posts in the parish of San Giovanni del Dosso. Pending the inevitable appeal of Monsignor Rota, and the ultimate appearance of the case before the Court of Cassation, the civil tribunal of Mantua has laid down the two following principles in ecclesiastical law:—First, that the appointment of a parish priest by popular election is in perfect keeping with Italian legislation. The parishioners, by such election, exercise no more than their right, as guaranteed them by the principle of freedom of conscience and of worship inscribed in the laws of the land. Second, the churches, being the property of the community, belong to it in legal right—the community being represented by its Syndic as often as he is authorised by the Municipal Council.

The clerical journals are of course very indignant, and wax eloquent over "the new canon law," which treats the parish church as a "communal chattel," and the parsons as holding their commission not from the bishop but from their parishioners. The trial appears to have turned on these two points, which were elaborately discussed by the counsel on either side with much learning and ability. The Council of Trent was quoted for the Bishop's rights; the practice of the early Church for the electoral rights of the parishioners, based on the ancient maxim, *Ab omnibus debet eligi is cui omnes debent obedire*. The canon law, it was argued, is irreconcilably opposed to public right and is the negation of all liberty. The proprietorship of the benefice, added Signor Portioli—the counsel for the parishioners

of San Giovanni—belongs to them, and not to the Universal Church, as was fallaciously argued on the other side. And the attempt to restrict the efficacy of the *placet* and *exequatur* to temporalities only was "an old device of the Roman Catholics to which the House of Savoy had never given in." It remains still to be seen whether the sanction of the civil tribunal at Mantua will be confirmed on appeal by the Court of Cassation, but we may presume that such is likely to be the case. And it is obvious that if many parishes were to emulate the example of San Giovanni, the existing relations of the hierarchy and the clergy would be materially affected.

It has often been said that there is a very considerable section of the Italian priesthood who have little sympathy with Ultramontanism, but that they are afraid to speak out, seeing that their prospects, and in most cases their livelihood, are dependent on the will of their ecclesiastical superiors. The number of clerical signatures—about ten thousand, if we remember rightly—obtained some years ago for a manifesto put forth by Passaglia tells in support of this view. But, if it be so, the clergy may be expected to recover their voices when they find their position dependent on the votes of their parishioners instead of the fiat of the bishops. And if the elective principle were to be extended to the bishops themselves, which has also been talked of, still wider consequences would follow. At present the appointment to the Italian sees is more entirely in the hands of the Pope than it ever was before, and the first fruits of this increased autocracy appeared in the conduct of the supple majority at the Vatican Council. An election by the diocesan clergy, and still more by the clergy combined with lay deputies from the various parishes, would make a repetition of the event of July 18, 1870, morally impossible. But the cause of ecclesiastical reform in Italy is hampered by two serious impediments over and above the direct opposition of the *Gesuitanti* party from within. There are those in the Italian Government who are willing to purchase peace with the Church at almost any price consistent with the maintenance of the civil rights of the newly established monarchy. And while such a policy may appear for the moment the most practically convenient, it is further supported by the dead weight of that religious indifferentism which is so prevalent among the politicians and the upper classes generally. There are but too many Italian statesmen, it may be feared, who pretty much share Gibbon's estimate of the relative value of different religions, and who do not, therefore, feel sufficient interest in the matter to care to interfere with any whim of Pope or prelate, so long as the machinery of civil government works smoothly. If Pius IX. and his counsellors should bring the edifice of the Church about their ears, so be it; it is their own affair, and they may take the consequences. Whether such a method of reasoning is really the most statesmanlike, religious considerations apart, we need not stay to inquire. Happily there are those in Italy and in the Italian Parliament who are otherwise minded, and whose influence is sure to be exerted in furtherance of such moderate reforms as they judge to be conducive to the truest interests of their Church. That there are many who more or less sympathize with them within the precincts of the Vatican is no secret, though no overt manifestations of their sympathy can well be looked for during the present pontificate.

THE CANADIAN MILITARY COLLEGE.

THERE are few questions more important in the present unsettled condition of the political relations between the nations of the world than those which have reference to the application of the means of defence which the Empire of Great Britain possesses, but which as yet have not been fully developed. As space becomes diminished by rapidity of communication, and as time is virtually annihilated by the telegraph, the several portions of the Empire approach each other more closely, and their powers of self-protection should, in place of being regarded separately, form parts of a grand scheme of national defence. As yet the great colonies, content with the material progress they are yearly making, and relying on the armed strength of the mother-country, have done little for their own protection, still less for the defensive power of the Empire; but signs are not wanting that some of them at least are awakening to a due appreciation of their responsibilities, and are taking steps to supply their deficiencies in this important respect. The scheme for the establishment in Canada of a military school with the view of educating as officers of the home force the youth of the country who show an inclination for the profession of arms has been already matured, and only awaits the appointment of an officer of the English army as superintendent to begin its work. The Canadian Government has done all in its power to place the establishment on a proper footing, and is entitled to look for cordial encouragement and assistance from the Imperial Government, as well as for the support which the public opinion of England ought to afford.

As long as Canada was garrisoned by the Imperial forces, and whilst the regiments and batteries stationed at the principal towns throughout the country were available for the instruction of the officers of the militia, there was little need of other means of military education; but when the troops were suddenly withdrawn, and the country was left to its own resources without any care having been evinced by the Imperial Government of the day to provide for the want which the departure of the regular forces had left totally unsupplied, the Canadians were forced to improvise on a very small scale some method of training officers for their active militia. The drill instruction organized at the headquarters of the several regiments was still continued, as far as was possible, under the supervision of the militia staff, and two schools of gunnery formed at Quebec and Kingston under Imperial officers provided for the education of a few officers and non-commissioned officers of the Canadian artillery. These gunnery schools have done their work well, and have preserved the type of the regular troops, the memory of whom is even now fading away; but the ordinary militia training establishments have gradually, owing to unavoidable causes arising from the absence of any permanent regular force, deteriorated, and are productive of little benefit; consequently it has become evident to all who believe in the future development of Canada that some steps ought to be taken for placing her military organization on a sounder foundation. Men and arms are to be found; but unless Canada is prepared to depend on England for officers, few, owing to absence of instruction, would be available if, after the lapse of a few years, war were to break out. Now no country beyond the stage of childhood would be content to resign all the higher appointments in her army to another Power, however intimately connected with her; the pressure of public opinion would not permit such an acknowledgment of weakness; and therefore the Prime Minister of the day (Mr. Mackenzie), looking forward to future needs, determined on his accession to office to establish, on a plan somewhat similar to the Military Academy at West Point, a school of instruction for Canadian officers. Colonel Fletcher, the late Military Secretary to the Governor-General, was sent to make a report on the United States Military Academy, and Kingston was selected as the place which on the whole promised the best site for the new College. Many persons who have visited Canada or who have been quartered there will recollect the massive and oddly shaped stone building on the borders of Ontario Lake, below the crest of the hill crowned by Fort Henry, called the Stone Frigate, and built on the model of a vessel of war. This edifice, the result of a legacy left to the Government on condition that a frigate should be built for service on Lake Ontario—which condition, owing to a subsequent treaty with the United States, could not be fulfilled—was constructed to suit the terms of the will, in the form, as far as the interior was concerned, of a ship of war, and was used as a barracks for sailors. More recently it has served as a depôt for militia stores, and it has now been determined to convert it into a residence and class-room for about forty cadets, who are to be the first pupils of the Canadian Military College. A suitable residence for the superintendent is in course of preparation, and the organization of the system only awaits his arrival. The Canadian Government has in all matters connected with the College acted wisely and unselfishly. It has resisted the temptation of patronage, and has freely and unreservedly vested the recommendation and the virtual appointment of the superintendent in the hands of the Imperial Government, leaving to the latter *carte blanche* to select a really able man.

The importance of the step thus taken by our greatest colony towards military organization has scarcely, we fear, met with the recognition it deserves. If successful, it may very probably be the beginning of a system which our other self-governing colonies will follow, and will form a sound foundation for a force bound to England, not only by the existing ties which unite the colonies to the mother country, but by the strong military feeling which the cadets will imbibe with the instruction they will receive from trained officers of our regular army, and by the intimate connexion which will be kept up between these colonial Colleges and our own Staff College in England. No departmental difficulties or questions of small economy should prevent our Government from selecting and sending out the best men possible to fill the important positions of instructors for this new College. All depends on a good start, and no ordinary qualities are required from the officers who will commence in Canada an institution parallel to the Academy of West Point in the United States. Kingston College should be the Sandhurst, the Woolwich, and the Staff school combined; there, in peace time, should be preserved the traditions of the Canadian army; and all plans for its organization, and all schemes for the defence of the country, should be carefully studied and worked out by the scientific and practical officers who would be the instructors of the youth of the Dominion in all that pertains to the profession of arms. Not that all who pass through the College need necessarily adopt a military career; in fact, the openings for employment in the Dominion force would probably at present not be sufficient for all; but from the experience of West Point it may be presumed that the majority would desire some employment in which their military education might find development. The staff of the militia requires a steady influx of active and instructed officers; the police force in the North-West will need the presence of men trained to command, and who have acquired the rudiments at least of engineering skill; the schools of gunnery, and the small force permanently embodied at Winnipeg, would absorb an annual quota; and, although we would not unnecessarily forebode evil, history shows that, with the growth of a country and with the development of its wealth, causes of strife, necessitating the employment of men trained to arms, are not unlikely to arise from time to time.

It is but little that England has been asked to contribute towards this important scheme. To send out a trained and accomplished officer without removing him directly or indirectly from his career in the army, and to furnish half-a-dozen officers as instructors at the College on similar conditions, is not much for Canada to

solicit. Our Staff College would probably be only too glad to meet such a proposal, as there is a difficulty in finding employment for the many able and hard-working officers who annually pass through the curriculum at Sandhurst; and all thoughtful men who regard the Empire of Great Britain as an inheritance to be preserved intact by those who have succeeded to its responsibilities and to its duties will welcome a project which, humble in its commencement, yet promises to be the beginning of a system calculated to convert our great colonies from possible elements of weakness into sources of additional military strength. The withdrawal of the garrison from Canada arose from political considerations which may or may not have been well founded, but the results of this removal of the visible signs of England's power have, we venture to think, been greater than were anticipated by those who introduced the policy of leaving our colonies to provide their own means of defence. If, without again attempting the task of garrisoning Canada, we could utilize our regular army as a means for the instruction of our colonial forces, we should not only produce the directly beneficial results of increasing their efficiency, but should indirectly replace the link which our former policy tended to weaken.

REVIEWS.

THE STAIR ANNALS.*

THE necessity of telling an old tale over again is unfortunately at times incident to literary as well as to professional effort; and as the historian is often obliged to walk in the tracks of the monographer or family chronicler, it would be unfair to object to an occasional inversion of the process. But there are limits even to long-suffering; and the best excuse for Mr. Murray Graham's life of the first and most eminent of the Stairs, following, as it does, so closely on Mr. Æneas Mackay's satisfactory book on the same subject, is the probability that both authors entered upon their task independently, the (relatively speaking) lighter vessel naturally coming first into port. Under these circumstances it is perhaps a pity that Mr. Murray Graham did not take fuller advantage of the hint given him by Mr. Mackay in the last page of his Memoir, and develop his account of the first three Lords Stair into a completer chronicle of the Dalrymple family, instead of dismissing even so distinguished a collateral as Lord Hailes with a brief notice in an appendix. As it stands, this book gives us either too little or too much. The first Lord Stair—apart from his legal reputation, on which abundant comment is hardly to be expected south of the Tweed—played a part of very great importance in the affairs of his country; and the lustre of his honourable name is undimmed by the attacks to which his moderation and his success—two things the world rarely likes to see combined—subjected him in his lifetime. Neither the Lollard blood which ran in his veins nor the Covenanting antecedents of his youth prevented him from adopting in his later public life a course of conduct against which no charge of inconsistency can fairly be brought. In his proceedings with regard to the Declaration against the Covenant he built himself a bridge over which even a brother-lawyer found it impossible to pass—by means of a device which Mr. Murray Graham is fain to consider "more ingenious than satisfactory," though it appears to cause no uneasiness to Mr. Mackay. But from that time forth he cannot be accused of having allowed prudence to temper the impulses of conscience; and if the event proved his wisdom in opposing the policy of the Duke of York, and preferring dismissal and exile to compliance with the designs of the High Commissioner, the national and Protestant cause was not the less indebted to his firmness. In the discussion—in this instance more theoretical than practical—as to the terms in which the Scottish throne should be declared vacated by James, Stair entertained an opinion more logical than that which, as supported by his son, was actually adopted. On the nature of his counsels to William little light will ever be thrown; but it is clear that they were as judicious as they were welcome, and characterized by a moderation which, together with motives of professional jealousy and the not unjustifiable prejudices excited by the career of the Master of Stair, sufficiently accounts for the unpopularity under which both father and son had to suffer. In the case of the President, this unpopularity led to no worse consequences than the publication of a virulent pamphlet, against which he thought it necessary to vindicate himself in an *Apology* which constitutes the most important document of his political biography. One ghastly tradition connected with his family life, and familiar to the readers of Sir Walter Scott, is better remembered than his literary labours not devoted to the law; but whatever the value of his *Physiologia Nova Experimentalis*, with the composition of which he beguiled his exile at Leyden, it may be mentioned as increasing the resemblance, superficial no doubt rather than real, between the life of the most renowned of Scottish Presidents and that of the greatest of English Chancellors.

The name of Sir James Dalrymple's son John, afterwards first Earl of Stair, but more familiarly known under the title of Master of Stair, borne by him during his father's lifetime, is of course inseparable from the dark memory of the Massacre of Glencoe. But here again there was nothing new to be added to a story from which the last grain of misrepresentation has long been sifted; and Macaulay's own favourite schoolboy requires no further warning, in this instance at least, to read Macaulay himself with care. Apart from this transaction, which in the end became the handle rather than the cause of Stair's political overthrow, it must be allowed that his political career is not one likely to inspire unqualified respect. Its original blot is his acceptance of the office of Lord Advocate under King James at the time of his father's exile, coupled with his subsequent prompt and vigorous identification of his interests with those of the new *régime*. The skill and energy with which he conducted the affairs of the new Government cannot obscure the fact of this tergiversation; and if it was a hard task to uphold the interests of the Crown in the face of an adverse majority composed of heterogeneous factions, it was one of which such a politician at all events had no right to complain. Mr. Murray Graham's narrative is judiciously confined within biographical limits; what he has to say of Church affairs has, however, been anticipated, at all events essentially, by Mr. Story's recent concise but readable *Life of Carstairs*, to whose exertions the Church of Scotland owed such settlement and peace as is reconcilable with the conditions of her being.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Murray Graham has little new to tell till he arrives at what—in a strain of liveliness in which he happily is not prone to indulge—he calls "the *pièce de résistance* of his bill of fare," the biography of the second Earl of Stair. A popular German writer is at the present day engaged in a task which, it is to be hoped, the limits of human life may permit him to accomplish—of tracing in a series of fictions the transmission of an ancestral type from a contemporary of Procopius to a contemporary of M. Gustav Freytag himself. Among the amusing instances of the difference which time—though not of course time alone—makes in the tone and manners of a family, we have rarely met with any surpassing that furnished by these Annals of the Stairs. "John," writes the widow of the first Earl of Stair to his son and heir, referring to the overthrow of the intrigues which had ended in the establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty, "John,—The last great show of Providence has been so conspicuous that it has put the great part of strangers to acknowledge that the scales of the earth belong unto the Lord, and that He governs the nations"; adding in a parenthesis, either in the indicative or the imperative mood, "(make no question of your acting under this impression)." Meanwhile the head of the family, who had served with distinction under the Duke of Marlborough in Flanders, and had incidentally begun his diplomatic career on a mission to the Court of Augustus the Strong, was in his habits a thorough child of the age into which he had been born. The style of his letters in the early part of his life is that with which we are familiar from the Memoirs of Lord Hervey, Bubb Doddington, and other classics of this description. He is not indeed so thorough an adept in the tone of gay badinage as his friend and correspondent, Lord Finch—a Finch the very reverse of "funereal" in his tastes and expressions, whatever may have been his family complexion. But "champagne" and "burgundy" fitfully sparkle in the young Lord Stair's letters, and to one of the favourite vices of the age he seems to have become an early victim. Afterwards, when Ambassador at Paris, we find him lectured on the subject with the utmost candour by Mr. Secretary Craggs; and, though he explicitly disclaims the impeachment, his virtuous declaration, that "if it had not been for the misfortune he had in meddling with Stocks he should have been able to pay his debts here," may seem to suggest no very radical change in his tastes. Yet, on his return to his Scotch estates, he showed great zeal and ability as a landlord; and there is no reason to suppose that his early love of hazard, which is even said to have led the ambassador on one occasion to bet on the duration of the life of the sovereign to whom he was accredited, materially added to his pecuniary difficulties. His pride and love of magnificence, which were signally displayed on his long-deferred public entry as ambassador, probably contributed more to make his embassy, like so many other embassies, the reverse of profitable to himself.

The public services of the second Earl of Stair were many and conspicuous; but though at different periods of his life he found himself placed in positions as brilliant and important as even a man of his birth and claims could have expected to hold, and though his abilities cannot be denied to have been adequate to those positions, an evil star, whose influence was to some extent assisted by peculiarities in his own disposition, seems to have ruled his political fortunes. For the difficult and delicate post of the Paris embassy he was probably chosen with special reference to the proved fidelity of his house to the cause of the Protestant succession at a time when such a qualification was rare among noblemen of high rank and capacity. He afterwards confessed to having had "greater temptations than any man ever had to be a Frenchman," *i.e.* to abandon the unswerving devotion to the interests of the dynasty and the policy which he represented; but no breath of suspicion clouds the loyalty of his conduct, though the mortifications which he had to undergo surpassed those to which diplomatists—a sorely-tried class of public servants at all times—are ordinarily subject. On the other hand, he never seems to have given himself much trouble to gain the personal good will of the Court and Ministers with whom he had to deal. St. Simon's sketch of him is perhaps more epigrammatic than consistent; but his official friend at home, Craggs, speaks more plainly in a private letter printed in one of Mr. Murray Graham's innumerable appendices,

* *Annals and Correspondence of the Viscount and the First and Second Earls of Stair.* By John Murray Graham. 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

a letter indeed plain-spoken enough to make one almost look out for marginal comments in Count Arnim's style; but Craggs was a good friend to Stair, and his reproof was no doubt well grounded, however fully the Ambassador was justified by the event in his suspicions of Law:—

> Would you have us then continue in everything to oppose and irritate Mr. Law? I remember you being very near with the Abbé Dubois, as you have since been with Law. You are now going, I see, to fall out at home with Lord Stanhope; and pray what is to come of all this? I vow to God you put me in mind of what I have so often seen you do at play, that when once you began to lose you would, though it was against all the sharpers and swordsmen in the Den, play on for all you was worth. If a friend spoke or pulled you by the sleeve, nay, had a lady required your attendance, 'twas all one to the Earl of Stair—mistress, friend, estate, *tout au diable* rather than yield! And then one heard and agreed—This man has vast qualifications, he is a good soldier, an able statesman, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, an agreeable companion, *mais voicy qui gâte tout.* So in this matter you have been jealous of the correspondence first between Lord Stanhope and the Abbé, then piqued at Law's conduct, now that Lord Stanhope has not entered entirely into your sentiments of these affairs.

It must at the same time be allowed that the ineffable sublimity of Louis XIV.—already in his dotage and on the eve of failure—and afterwards the unparalleled slipperiness of Dubois, to whom even his master, the Regent, is said on one occasion (as Mr. Graham reminds us) to have recommended *un peu de droiture*, and the equally trying insolence of the schemer Law, whom Stair saw through sooner than his chiefs in London, may excuse much in the manner of a Minister whose duty as well as pleasure it was, as representing a new Government, to allow no doubts to be cast on his and its determination to hold their own. The dangers of 1715 were to a great extent obviated by Stair's vigilance; and if the negotiations for the Triple Alliance were transferred from Paris to the Hague and Hanover, while in those for the Quadruple Alliance (of which work Dubois politely states Stair to have been "the Apollo") Stanhope personally intervened by the side of the Ambassador, no conclusion is thence to be drawn unfavourable to the activity or ability of the latter. The overthrow of Alberoni (to whose interesting despatch in an appendix to Vol. II. Mr. Graham is right in drawing particular attention) was due to the volunteer exertions of Lord Peterborough; and, finally, Stair had to quit his post in deference to the susceptibilities of an adventurer of his own nationality—the schemer Law. But though he cannot be said to have achieved any individual success sufficient to entitle his name to brilliant distinction in the annals of British diplomacy, it deserves to be there recorded as that of a loyal, spirited, and sagacious representative of a thankless and selfish, though vigorous and intelligent, Government.

We can follow this biography and its appendices (which are arranged with the cumbrous perspicuity of a model diplomatic Blue-book) neither into Lord Stair's Scottish retirement—relieved by various transactions in black cattle and some vigorous intriguing against Sir Robert Walpole—nor into the brief second act of his public life, in which he appears as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the War of the Austrian Succession. (Maria Theresa, we take leave to remind Mr. Murray Graham, was not, as he seems to think, a candidate in person for the Imperial Crown of Germany.) It is well known that of the laurels of Dettingen the greater share was claimed by King George II., whose refusal, in spite of Stair's advice, to allow a pursuit had left the victory incomplete. Stair soon at his own request withdrew from the Commandership-in-Chief, vindicating his conduct in a remarkably candid memorial to his Sovereign, to whom, mindful of his own experience, he leaves it as his political testament "never to separate yourself from the House of Austria." He was, however, afterwards appointed to the command of the troops in South Britain, and thus, as it happened, in 1745 could only indirectly contribute to the defeat of the last attempt to overthrow the order of things which he and his house had served so well. The one important piece of advice which he gave as to the conduct of affairs in the North—he suggested a scheme of raising troops by private exertions on the part of the Scottish nobility and gentry—was rejected as unsafe. He lived to see the rebellion crushed at Culloden; and died, an eager politician to the last, in May 1747.

Mr. Murray Graham's estimate of Field-Marshal the Earl of Stair seems to us moderate and just; and the various letters and other documents which he has selected from the abundant stores at his command are amply sufficient to bear out the conclusions at which he has arrived. Much that is amusing may be gathered by the way in these volumes, which will very well serve the purpose for which they were composed, and render unnecessary any further annals of the first three Stairs. Among the amusing details we may direct attention to the demands made by friends at home—especially of the fair sex—upon that all but obsolete institution, the Foreign Office Messenger and his despatch-bag, or upon the obliging disposition of the diplomatist abroad and his staff in general. "Molly Bellenden desires Mr. Gardiner will remember her combs"—and many and various are the requests of a similar character from many and various quarters; but the climax is perhaps reached in an extraordinary letter to Stair from the old Duchess of Marlborough, though certainly he had good reason at all times to be attentive to so staunch a friend. The letter defies abridgment, and is too long for quotation, but its contents may be darkly gathered from the opening reference to "the messenger that brought me the favour of your lordship's letter with the *bodyes*." When we add that "she never had anything so easy and so well made in her life as this pair of bodyes, and Lady Harriott's is the same," and proceeds to furnish minute instructions for a further supply, it will be conceded that, in one sense at all events, she proves herself superior to the reproach which in the same letter she hurls against French ladies, that "she never had the luck to meet with one woman that was bred in France that was sincere." But sincerity of all kinds is to be prized in this world of shams; and we are therefore tempted to close with three apophthegms, culled from these biographies, on the subject of party-government and party-life. Of all three we desire to make a present to the author of the next treatise on the theory of politics, but the third we think deserving of more general attention. The first Earl of Stair (whose political life was a struggle against parties and party combinations) cynically remarks that "there is indeed a charm in being engaged into a party, *for common cants take men off from their own reason.*" Mr. Secretary Craggs ("statesman, yet friend to truth") declares that "he goes on one inviolable principle in business; when men are embarked in it, they must support the contrary opinion to their own with equal vigour, if, on a consultation of friends, it prevails . . . . *when a house falls you seldom see a closet standing by itself.*" But how poorly do such sneers or maxims contrast with the golden simplicity of the following reflection, proceeding, like the letter referred to above, from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough:—

> I think opposition is of great use and necessary against all Ministers, *except the Duke of Marlborough and the late Lord Godolphin*, who, without any partiality, I am sure, never meant anything but the good and security of England.

What Minister or ex-Minister, what Minister's or ex-Minister's wife or widow, would hesitate (*mutatis nominibus*) to subscribe to this?

NADAL'S IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON SOCIAL LIFE.*

THE longer a man forms part of any given society the less willing will he be to endeavour to define its actions or its motives. Those who recognize all the varied elements of which it is composed, the different forces and passions at work, might well despair of reducing their impressions to any definite form. Therefore, if a book is to be written on such a subject, the sooner it is written the better. Mr. Nadal spent eighteen months in England as one of the Secretaries of the American Legation, and on his return home he wrote a series of papers on our habits and customs, which have been collected together and reprinted in the volume before us. They are amusingly and pleasantly written, and, if the judgments are sometimes hasty, they are not more so than the slight acquaintance of the author with his subject must necessarily imply. In those eighteen months Mr. Nadal saw something of English society, and compared it with his own; he belonged to a club, went to Court and to church, and thought the services in the West End very dull and vapid; he took dancing lessons at a school in Tavistock Square kept by a Mrs. Watson, and we only wish his example may be followed by at least four-fifths of the men, attachés or others, who believe they have nothing to learn before the beginning of next season; he made a tour in Wales and went to Llangollen, where he saw a "picture of Sir William Somebody in the coffee-room." How are the mighty fallen, when Sir Watkin is thus spoken of! In these days our ways of speaking about our neighbours has very much changed, and there is also less national sensitiveness. We are kind to one another's virtues, we leave out their defects and peculiarities. If Mrs. Trollope had crossed the Atlantic this month, and her book appeared next year, there would have been no criticisms, no good stories in it, and the Americans would have been delighted by her accuracy of observation and kindness of treatment. In former times the publication of every work which described social manners, or commented upon individual habits, raised a storm in the country that was criticized, and an amount of ill feeling was created which is difficult to understand when we read the books which were its cause. Now we no longer travel to spy out the nakedness of the land; on the contrary, we interview the landlord, the farmer, and the clergyman, obtain statistics with regard to the number of acres under cultivation, and of children under education in the parish, and take considerable pains to speak the truth. Mr. Nadal has treated us in the most kindly manner; he has taken Washington Irving as his model, and has said many good-natured things about our mode of life, our Universities, and our scenery. He has found no rat as large as Captain Lawson's New Guinea tiger, and refuses to speculate, as one of his countrymen did in the beginning of the century, on the influence which the sale of wives has had upon the national character. Nor does he think it necessary to refute the opinion prevalent not long since among the English upper classes, that the suburbs of Boston and New York were exposed to the ravages of Indians and wild beasts.

Though London social life is the title of the volume, only a small space is taken up by this subject, which is just as well, considering the difficulty there must ever be in mastering the unwritten laws which are part of every social code. In their estimate of English society foreigners can never understand that rank does not necessarily confer an exalted social position, and that Lord St. Leonards is not a greater personage than Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Nadal says of the man who makes going out a profession, "When he has attained the Marquis of That, the Duke of That shines yet ahead of him." He

* *Impressions of London Social Life; with other Papers suggested by an English Residence.* By E. S. Nadal. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

might as well have said, After dancing for seven years at Dorchester House, he will find admission into the house of Sir William Fraser, who is a baronet. To be "connected with the aristocracy," as Sir William beautifully phrased it the other day in the House of Commons, though of undoubted service to men who do not pay their debts and to women who settle in cathedral towns, does not of itself constitute greatness. What the condition must be of male chaperons in the States we shudder to think, when Mr. Nadal says of London that "the old gentlemen who go to a ball to look on and take their daughters get the most out of it. It is especially pleasant for them by contrast with the treatment they receive in this country. The old men in England are much more defiant and unmanageable." If we had to select out of the units which go to form a society some object for peculiar compassion, it would be a father in charge. If he is solicitous about his daughters, and anxious that they should make acquaintances, he becomes ridiculous; if he stands still he goes to sleep, while if he goes to supper he ruins his digestion. We wonder who it was that told Mr. Nadal that "to read poetry out of a book to the ladies would be rather compromising to a young man." The only difficulty would be to find an audience for the young man; but when it was once found, we should say that, if he would sit at home in the morning and read the *Olney Hymns*, the *Excursion*, or the *Essay on Man*, he would immediately be placed in the category of the tame and celibate cat. At the end of the week there would be no schoolroom where he might not play with safety; he might go alone to the dairy with the youngest daughter of the house, would be consulted on the choice of the next governess, and would be asked by the whole party to go out of his way a score of miles to execute their commissions when he left the country house at which he had been staying.

The habits of the English world seem to have pleased our author, though the absence of any originality of thought and the poverty of conversation struck him as remarkable features:—

> In the clubs, from what I saw, there rarely seemed to be any abandon or heartiness. The young men have deteriorated from the energy of their fathers of forty years ago, who must have been a very amusing class of men. The strong pressure of public sentiment prevents these young men from acquiring the old physical vigour and freedom of the British upper class; and as they have no task set them, they are driven unavoidably into dulness. The few men who are literary and intellectual make perhaps the weakest impression. The thin wash of opinion which forms their conversation evaporates, and leaves a very slight sediment.

The club spoken of is evidently the St. James's, as further on a somewhat sweeping generalization is made with regard to the size and character of dining rooms which is not true of the majority of the old-established clubs. Mr. Nadal does not quite understand the primary use of these institutions. They exist for the purpose of quiet and repose. A man who embraced his friend in the morning room would be a nuisance; with our insular habits he would probably upset the inkstand in doing so. The foreigner who asks in a stentorian voice, pointing at the beef, "Is she well done?" is also a nuisance. Club life is so constituted as to afford an opportunity for social intercourse together with the most complete regard for the comfort of the individual. Therefore all animals other than man are excluded, and the result is one of the most perfect forms of life that have hitherto been struck out. If the St. James's is accused of a want of vivacity, what would be thought of the more ancient clubs, where every one is asleep, the porter at his desk, the steward over his accounts, and the two members in the library, each with his leg-rest? In the evening literature is pursued, and the opening of a door or some similar interruption will cause the fall of six or seven volumes from their respective readers' hands. These are, or were, our "fathers of forty years ago," who would certainly in the days of their youth have been far more afraid of committing a solecism in manners or dress than their sons are at present. During the last five years men have dressed themselves very much as they have chosen. In 1782 Cowper was shocked because his uncle on the verge of fourscore wore a white hat with a yellow lining, and wrote, "he can go but one step further in the road of impropriety, and direct his executor to bury him in it." Somebody else offended him "by bathing upon the open beach without the decent use of a machine." Mr. Nadal praises the unconventional tone of the past, and protests against the bondage of the present, fashion, but we fancy that if his lot had been cast among the earlier types of English society, the heroes of Mr. Plumer Ward's novels, or the Mrs. Unwins of real life, he would have found himself the victim of a much more disagreeable tyranny, though a different one from that to which he now objects. Mr. Nadal complains of the want of ladies' society in the evening:—

> There may be, here and there, people you may run in upon; but the universal opening of doors which takes place from eight to nine in American towns is quite unknown. The British bachelor, therefore, as he rises from his dinner at his club, is an object of commiseration. What is he to do till bedtime? He may have a rubber of whist in the card-room, but that is expensive. He may go to the theatre, but the play is not always good; and if it were, he does not want the play every night, any more than waffles every morning.

We pause to ask what are waffles? Are they akin to terrapins, or eaten with cream, or fried in bread crumbs? It had never before occurred to us that the British bachelor was to be pitied. The pleasures of life are ordained for his amusement. He settles the hours of society. He will not dance until twelve, and balls do not begin before. He must have a good supper, and there are but few hosts who dare give him Rheingau champagne. He can come to dinner late, or not at all. If he wants to go out in the evening, there are in all likelihood two or three houses open to him. If he wishes to play, he certainly does not forego that amusement because it is expensive or because he has no money. High stakes are obviously more exciting when the loser has no means of paying his losses. If the British bachelor appears to do anything under constraint, it may be safely assumed that in reality he is only consulting his own sweet will, and that if anything struck him as irksome or disagreeable, it would be at once discarded or avoided. The habit of paying evening calls appears to answer in America, but the attempts to introduce it in London, though made by charming and accomplished women, have never succeeded. Salons have been open three or four times a week, yet the invitations have never been responded to cordially. Less constraint is felt in a crowd than among thirty or forty people, and a guest may be unable to find in so small a number those whom he may wish to see. Nor indeed do we think it desirable that more opportunities should exist for social meetings. Every man who has anything to do finds it difficult enough to obtain the privacy and the quiet he requires. The tendency of modern life in London during the last ten years has been one continued protest against solitude. One association after another is started for the waste of time. It is better to "slide all on a summer's day," to shoot pigeons, or to sleep away the afternoon at the club, than to spend it alone, and thus gain the credit of being a madman or a poet. We quite agree with Mr. Nadal when he says that a great disadvantage for any person desiring to look at an English landscape is the absence of good fences to sit upon. "I missed very much the rail fences of my own country. I would come to a pretty prospect, and, my legs sinking under me, I would look about for a place to sit. The inhospitable landscape had not a single suggestion. How different the stake-and-rider fences of this land of ours." If tenants would erect comfortable seats at intervals of two hundred yards to command the most beautiful views on the estate, we should have no objection to include them in the list of unexhausted and permanent improvements.

There is one notable omission in these papers. Mr. Nadal seems never to have paid a visit to a country house, where, we are disposed to think, the ordinary Englishman is on the whole seen to the best advantage. If the house is not too full, the host is sure to be at his ease and less reserved than elsewhere. He has the consciousness that there is no rival close by in comparison with whom he will be found wanting. If he will only be reasonably anxious about the comfort of his guest, and give him his best claret, he is certain to be remembered with gratitude. When, as in Dibdin's and Waagen's cases, the visit is avowedly made with a view to future publication, hospitality will work wonders. Under the influence of a good luncheon geese become swans, windmills castles, and bric-à-brac treasures of art. We hope that Mr. Nadal when he next crosses the Atlantic will give out that he means to write a book on English country life, and then make a tour through the provinces.

WALCOTT'S SCOTI-MONASTICON.*

OF the abbey of Saggadil, Saddele, or Sandal, in Cantire, Mr. Walcott tells us that "there remains only a mass of featureless confusion." It would seem to have been Mr. Walcott's chief object in his large volume to bring his work on the churches of Scotland to as close a likeness as possible to the present state of this particular one among them. We have looked through his book with some care, and what remains on our mind certainly cannot be better described than in its author's own happy phrase. The book is "a mass of featureless confusion"; but so to make books has been Mr. Walcott's custom ever since he began to make books at all. And there is really a kind of ingenuity in the way in which Mr. Walcott has contrived to bring in confusion where everything tended to bring in order. He arranges the greater part of his book in an orderly fashion, putting the various foundations under their several classes. But under each description there is a good deal of room for confusion in detail. It is always possible to bring in some story which has been told already, and to tell it in a different way. It is always possible to speak of somebody who has been spoken of already, and to speak of him by a different name. It is always possible to arrange the events in the history of each foundation in some order which, to speak delicately, shall differ both from the order of time and from the order of subject. It is always possible to bring in some story about John Knox; whether John Knox said or did the thing which he is made to say or do, whether it agrees or not with something which he is made to say or to do in some other story, does not greatly matter. By these different processes a good deal may be done in the way of confusion, even in an antiquarian notice of a particular cathedral or abbey. Mr. Walcott has in truth succeeded in doing something in that way in nearly every page. We may perhaps except the pages which contain mere lists of names. We have not noticed that Mr. Walcott arranges a list of Deans or Præcentors in other than chronological order. But, besides the description of each particular church or monastery, there come, first of all, a good many pages about things in general which have no particular heading. Here the likeness to the ruins of Sandal Abbey comes

* *Scoti-Monasticon. The Ancient Church of Scotland: a History of the Cathedrals, Conventual Foundations, Collegiate Churches, and Hospitals of Scotland.* By Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, B.D., F.S.A. With Steel Engravings, Ground Plans, and a Map. London: Virtue, Spalding, & Daldy. 1874.

XUM

out in its full force. "Featureless confusion" is indeed the order of the day. Mr. Walcott has really reached the highest place in his own art. There is one passage, above all, in page 21, which the men of Babel themselves could hardly make into confusion worse confounded. Mr. Walcott is describing the doings of the reign of Mary Stuart—reformation or destruction, as we choose to call them:—

> The Privy Council, in February, 1568, ordered the cathedrals of Elgin and Aberdeen to be unroofed, and the lead sold in Holland to pay the Regent Murray's troops. Whether the soldiers ever received the money admits of doubt. In 1561 the priors of Coldingham and St. Andrew's took as wives the daughters of noble families. The same year, on June 11, saw the glorious Cathedral of St. Andrew's wrecked in a single summer's day, although Archbishop Hamilton with one hundred men was prepared to make resistance, and the Earl of Argyle and Lord James Stuart in vain attempted to dissuade the iconoclasts from their purpose, owing to a fiery sermon by Knox, whose suggestion "to destroy the nests, that the ravens do not come back," was anticipated by Henry VIII. and Thacker of Repton. In 1566 the jurisdiction of the primate was abolished; and then, as Dr. Johnson suggests, "every man carried away the stones who imagined he had need of them."

Unless a man was really trying to put things in disorder, he would hardly have lighted on the peculiar arrangement of events which is followed in this passage, and only one who was in the like way studious of confusion would have described the same man in three different ways in three all but consecutive sentences. It is hardly possible that Mr. Walcott can really fancy that the Regent Murray, the Prior of St. Andrews, and Lord James Stuart were three different people. He has surely, to judge from his list of authorities and the references at the bottom of his pages, read too much for such utter ignorance of his subject as that. He must surely know that when the Priors of Coldingham and St. Andrews "took as wives the daughters of noble families"—the phrase sounds as if marriage with wives of less degree would have been a smaller scandal—the fault was, not that there was any breach of monastic vows, but that men who had not taken monastic vows were made commendators of religious houses. It cannot be that a man who writes a large book on Scottish ecclesiastical history can fail to have heard of these things; indeed, if we turn to Mr. Walcott's own lists of Priors of Coldingham and of St. Andrews, the thing is put right in a trice; the lay commendators stand out in their proper places. It must be in the same spirit of sportive malice that Mr. Walcott tells the story of the Earl of Cassilis, and the man whom he roasted. The story is told three times, which are referred to in the index in this entry:—"Cassilis, Earl of, inhuman, 17, 275, 294." The first time the Earl is simply an "unscrupulous noble," and the man whom he roasts is an abbot. The second time he has become "the inhuman Earl of Cassilis," and it comes out that the abbot is only a commendator. The third time we reach the climax, and the culprit is "that inhuman monster the Earl of Cassilis." It cannot be that Mr. Walcott was each time unconscious that he had told the story already. He is rather leading up the general reader by gentle steps from the mere unscrupulous noble to the inhuman monster. But it is not only at Cassilis that Mr. Walcott comes across inhuman earls. In the same page of the index we find "Caithness, inhuman Earls of," and so we come to several deeds which are, in truth, inhuman enough, and especially to the story of the burning of Bishop Adam in 1222. This Mr. Walcott tells after a fashion of his own. He gives an extract from Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, and corrects it by other versions, remarking, with great truth, that "Scott seems to have borrowed inadvertently the cry of the mob at the murder of a Bishop of Durham." It would not have been much trouble to find out what Bishop of Durham, as Walcher is not altogether an unknown man; but Mr. Walcott adds, "Fordun says that he was also stoned by hand and sling." We have not as yet found the sling anywhere, nor have we found the stones in Fordun, though they are to be seen in the Chronicle of Melrose. But perhaps these doings at Hakirk in 1222 were but a prelude to the more complete doings at St. Andrews in 1660. At such a moment the jurisdiction of the Bishop was at least practically abolished, and doubtless every man who thought he had need of stones not only carried them away but used them as he thought good.

The truth is that Mr. Walcott has treated Scottish ecclesiastical history very much as he treats all other things—that is to say, he shovels out all that he has read without any regard to the authorities whence he gets his scraps, without a thought whether each scrap agrees with or contradicts its neighbour scrap, and without any thought as to the order in which the scraps may fall on the ground. It is further plain that, while he has been diligently grubbing at the history of particular Scottish churches, he has never made the slightest effort to get any clear view of the general history of Scotland. His notion of Scotland is simply the Scotland of the modern map, a Scotland of which Jedburgh and Kirkwall are alike parts. Mr. Walcott is not easily surprised; yet he does seem a little surprised when he comes on any signs of Lothian being English. That Caithness and Orkney were ever Scandinavian has never come fully home to him. Kirkwall is to him as much a Scottish church as Elgin; yet, when he comes across a notice of the connexion between Kirkwall and Trondhjem he copies it with perfect calmness. In the art of copying extracts without understanding them Mr. Walcott has surely reached the highest place, and it is this gift which is more characteristic of his writings than positive mistakes, though a good many of those may be found also. To take the martyred Jarl Magnus for a bishop is a mere mistake which anybody could make; but it is not everybody who could write a good deal about the history of Orkney seemingly without a thought whether he was dealing with an outlying part of Scotland or an outlying part of Norway, and without being the least disturbed when he has at different stages to copy extracts which speak of it in both characters. Anybody can give a wrong date, but it is not everybody who can write the history of the nuns of Coldingham in this fashion. Mr. Walcott begins by saying, doubtless with great truth, that "the history of the early foundation on this site is singularly confused." But there was also a second foundation, and it might have been unfair if its history had been any less confused than that of its predecessor. Therefore Mr. Walcott disposes of it in the following sentence:—

> A second convent, of women only, afterwards built here, was burned by the Danes in 709, but is chiefly remarkable for the heroism of its inmates, who, in 870, mutilated themselves to preserve their honour from the northern pirates.

The reference is to Bæda and the Chronicle for things which happened in 679—namely, for the history of the earlier foundation. We have no reference to explain how Danes came to Coldingham so early as 709, still less how the heroism of the nuns in 870 could have been any safeguard against invaders one hundred and sixty years earlier.

If any one wishes to test Mr. Walcott on his favourite subject of "minsters and abbey ruins," he will find it amusing to compare the notices of St. Rule's tower at St. Andrews in pp. 3, 25, 71. And, still keeping at St. Andrews, though turning to other kinds of subjects, Mr. Walcott in his list of Archbishops gives us, under 1198, "Hon. Roger, son of Robert, Earl of Leicester," as a little way on, in 1466, we have "Hon. Patrick Graham, son of Lord Graham." We have seen some odd descriptions in our time, but really an "Hon. Roger" in the twelfth century beats everything. Does Mr. Walcott really think either that the modern etiquette of complimentary adjectives has existed from all eternity, or that it "came in with William the Conqueror"? If so, we should surely get something very curious if Mr. Walcott would favour us with his views on the kindred "title of Reverend." But the care which he shows in providing his Archbishops with proper temporal titles does not extend to providing them with the right dates or the right executioners when they happen to have gone irregularly out of the world. He tells us that Archbishop Hamilton "was hanged in steel cap and mail shirt at Stirling, April 1, 1570." Two pages on, among the Priors of St. Andrews, he gives this odd account of "Lord James Stuart, Earl of Murray":—"At the suppression he joined the plundering party, and came to a violent end, being shot at Linlithgow in 1570." Anybody would have thought that the Regent went out casually on a plundering party and got shot in the course of it. But a little care might have shown that, as Murray was shot in February 1570, he could not have had anything to do with hanging any one even in April 1570, still less in April 1571, the real date of Hamilton's hanging. But it is clear that Mr. Walcott does not fully take in that the Regent and the Prior are the same person, and probably by this time the Regent Murray has in some minds gained the same place which belongs to Oliver Cromwell in England. Any kind of mischief done within a century or so on either side of him may, with writers of Mr. Walcott's stamp, be safely set down to him personally.

We have of course only been culling flowers. To point out all the strange things in Mr. Walcott's book would call for a space almost as great as the book itself. With Mr. Walcott mere mistakes or blunders, in the common sense, are of secondary importance. What chiefly distinguishes the Præcentor of Chichester from other men is that gift of failing to see the meaning of anything which leads him to pile together a mass of confused and contradictory statements, and to fancy that the result is a book, and even a history. Mr. Walcott evidently writes with a strong theological bias. We might hint that a writer to whom it is clearly a matter of interest that the American Episcopal Church derived its first episcopal consecration from Scotland might have at least known the name of the Bishop so consecrated, and not have turned "Seabury" into "Sealmy." But this or that positive mistake is a light matter. With Mr. Walcott indeed a positive blunder, as implying a certain meaning, stands out as a kind of relief in the midst of the chaos of sentences without any meaning. Perhaps the oddest thing of all is his notion that he is writing for the general reader. It is for the sake of the general reader, who is therefore conceived as not understanding Latin, that Mr. Walcott translates in his text a long extract from Henry Wharton, which, if he understood it, might have put him up to a thing or two. It is perhaps for the benefit of the general reader that he puts in long extracts from Sir Walter Scott's novels, forgetful of the risk that the general reader may thereby be led astray into believing that Catherine Seyton and Roland Graeme are persons as historical as any of the priors and deans whose names he must conceive the general reader as eagerly mastering in Mr. Walcott's list. And it must be for the general reader too that Mr. Walcott has used up again some old steel plates which we remember thirty years ago; and we suppose it is for the general reader too, for it can hardly be for the architectural student, that he gives us a number of ground plans of buildings without any scale. Mr. Walcott ends by telling us that he hopes that the result of his labours "has been to roll away the reproach uttered by Bishop Russell, that 'a proper account of the religious houses of Scotland remains a desideratum in antiquarian literature.'" The "desideratum"—in

plain words, the lack—still remains. There are plenty of materials, published and unpublished; there are scholars quite competent for such a task; but as for the chaotic writings of the Præcentor of Chichester, all that we can hope for them is that they may be, in a phrase of his own quotation, "shouldered in the swallowing gulph of dark forgetfulness and oblivion."

A NARROW ESCAPE.*

MRS. CUDLIP'S novels have generally belonged to that class which, by some touch of truth in character or ingenuity in incident, discovered among a vast quantity of rubbish, have given a hope to the reader that the writer will do better with her next attempt. The difference between her former productions and her last novel is that it inspires no such hope. This is the more to be regretted as one learns from the dedication prefixed to the book that its author considers it "her least undeserving work."

One knows pretty well what one has to expect in *A Narrow Escape* from the description of its hero which is given in the fourth page. He, we are told, is "a marked man in the room" (a ball-room at Torquay). In order that the reader may fully take in the meaning of this statement, it is repeated twice, and on the second occasion he is told why Captain Bellairs was a marked man. It was "by right of several attributes which women (the arbiters) deem almost divine." He was of course a gallant and skilful rider—what hero ever was not?—and equally of course he was "as handsome as anything that is not the creation of a Greek sculptor can be." It is no doubt the duty of every writer of the class to which Mrs. Cudlip belongs to do thus much for the hero of a novel; and these statements are safe enough; for as no accurate description is given of Captain Bellairs's beauty or horsemanship, it is impossible to question their excellence. But in endowing this brilliant person with the "winning tongue and grace, the mixture of effrontery and chivalry which only belong to the sons of Erin," the writer has done a rash thing. She has assumed a responsibility which overweights her. For if the conversation and conduct of Captain Bellairs are good specimens of the winning tongue and the chivalry which belong only to the sons of Erin, one must be thankful that it is to them alone that such precious things are given. Captain Bellairs's winning tongue is at the time of his first appearance employed in conversing with a girl who is standing in the shade on a balcony outside the ball-room. Concerning her this remarkable statement is made. "But though no fierce light beats upon her, she is very clearly revealed to many people, for she is no power, but only a casual visitor in this place." Why she should have been less clearly revealed if she had been "a power in this place," whatever that may mean, is as difficult of explanation as why Mrs. Cudlip, having already said that she stood in the shade, should add that no fierce light beat upon her. The obscurity of the sentence just quoted is rivalled by the incoherence of the next, which informs us that "the girl is a beauty, and she has no friends here; she rides well and boldly, and her father is a reserved invalid who keeps people at bay." How it happens that Miss Mervyn is present at a public ball without having any friends to take her there is not thought worthy of explanation by the writer. If she had gone by herself it would not have been out of keeping with her general conduct. The talk which goes on between her and the hero of the winning tongue may be judged by one sample, the first speeches which they exchange:—

"You tell me how you spend your mornings," the man says. "You go down to the baths with your father and wait while he boils himself first and chills himself down to the proper degree afterwards; but what do you do with your afternoons? and, by Jove, they must be long here!"

"You unconscious lotus-eater," the girl laughs out; "you've come into a land in which it seemeth always afternoon, and you're tripping over Tennyson without knowing it. Well, to answer your question, I ride after luncheon. I've a dear mare, and I ride—oh! everywhere."

"Do you ever ride to Newton Abbott?" the man asks.

"I should think so. Guinevere and I take Newton as our preliminary canter, and then we go on to Ashburton or on the moor, or anywhere; I don't care much where it is, if the roads don't knock her legs to pieces."

"What a jolly picture you must make on Guinevere," he says enthusiastically; and all his Irish love of fair women and fine horses wakes up.

Miss Mervyn afterwards remarks of Guinevere, "I wish you could see her. She looks like 'going' all over; she jumps like a cat, ... and I am the only woman who has ever been on her back." It is the natural result of Kate Mervyn's conversation with Captain Bellairs that she should undertake to ride over to Newton the next day in order that he may see Guinevere, and that she may see the last of him, as he is going away on leave for six weeks. This arrangement having been carried out, it is also quite natural that Miss Mervyn should agree to go with him as far as Dawlish in order that Guinevere may have a rest, and that the train in which she travels with Captain Bellairs should not stop at Dawlish at all. This being so, the Captain proposes, and she agrees to his proposal, that they should go on to London and be married the next day. It is noteworthy that no hint is given of the means whereby the legal difficulties which stand in the way of a marriage at such short notice were to be evaded or overcome. But another difficulty arises at Paddington in the shape of a man who knows Bellairs, and, bent on saving Miss Mervyn from destruction, "comes to them and says to the girl's lover, 'You're on your way to Paris to your wife, are you not?'" That he should be interrupted by "a subdued cry" from Miss Mervyn, and that she should take the next train back to Torquay would be natural enough, only it afterwards appears that Bellairs never had a wife, and that the kindly interferer was speaking under a mistake. The question which suggests itself when this is made clear is, Why did not Captain Bellairs explain all this to Miss Mervyn? And the obvious answer is, Because then we should have been spared all but the "Prologue," as it is affectedly termed, of *A Narrow Escape*.

Miss Mervyn's next appearance is in the house of her aunt, Mrs. Forest, in London. Frank Forest, her son, is a successful playwriter, who deals in a dry irony which hits the public taste. Unfortunately for the reader's belief in this circumstance Mrs. Cudlip makes the same mistake here as with Captain Bellairs's winning tongue. She proceeds to illustration instead of relying upon mere statement, and represents Frank Forest as saying that "he couldn't cast away all feeling for a kitten for which he had cared." To this the girl to whom he is talking replies, "Your present task is easier, I am only a woman." And of this brilliant retort Frank Forest says, "That's too much like a line in one of my own pieces for me to be touched by it." After this one is not surprised to learn that when Frank Forest, having given up dramatic writing for a time, wishes to return to it, managers should tell him that his vein was played out. In spite of Frank's extraordinary stupidity, which shows itself in various ways although the author would fain have us believe that he was rather a clever young man, and in spite of his being engaged to marry a certain May Constable, Kate Mervyn is desperately in love with him, and has no hesitation in letting him see that this is the case. Perhaps her previous practice with Captain Bellairs had cured her of all shyness in this respect. It is unfortunate for her, however, that Frank, though he would much rather marry her than Miss Constable, is afraid to say so, so that she is reduced to appeal to him in this womanly fashion:—"Frank, can you have kissed me as you have done, and yet love me so little that you can rack my heart to pieces with caution? One of us must suffer. Am I to be the victim?" But, after all, it matters very little, for the rapidity with which Miss Mervyn transfers her young affections from Captain Bellairs to Frank Forest, and then back again from Frank Forest to Captain Bellairs, who of course appears again at the right or wrong moment, is not the least striking point in her character. It may here be observed that there are no less than four women desperately in love with Captain Bellairs at one and the same time, which seems "a simple coming-in for one man," but it must be remembered that he had a winning tongue. What is more remarkable is the utter absence of any reticence on the subject which they all display, and his own supreme indifference as to which of them he marries.

Captain Bellairs is, by means of the first coach accident which takes place in the book, thrown upon the hands of the Forest family until he recovers from the effect of a fall. The accident itself serves to bring upon the scene a certain Mrs. Angerstein, who on seeing him walks away as fast as she can, leaving her brougham to convey him back to the Forests. She is one of the four women who are in love with him. The sequel of the accident leads to Gertrude Forest also falling in love with him, and making another of the four. Meanwhile Frank Forest, who is engaged to Miss Constable, has made a very lame excuse for going down to the country with Kate Mervyn and leaving Miss Constable to take care of herself—a state of things in which one might pity her were she not so thoroughly and hopelessly odious a person. In the country, by a singular chance, Kate and Frank meet both Mrs. Angerstein, who is staying near the house of Kate's father, and Captain Bellairs, who comes down to see Mrs. Angerstein, who has been a kind of ward of his. It is strange how often these unexpected meetings take place in the pages of novelists of the hour. It no doubt saves a good deal of trouble if a hero or heroine can always be travelling in the same part of the country with the persons whose destinies are to be intertwined with theirs, or can be passing through a street overlooked by the balcony of a villain who repeats his plan of action to himself in a loud voice lest he should forget it, just when the person most nearly concerned in it is at hand to listen. It is perhaps to be regretted that things do not more often arrange themselves after this fashion in real life, or in the fiction which has an importance equal to that of real life. It would, for instance, have given another and less appalling turn to Othello's conduct if he had been passing by hidden in the shade while his Ancient talked with Cassio or Roderigo. It is true that nothing, or very little, came of Kate Mervyn's overhearing in this way a conversation between May Constable, after she had become Mrs. Frank Forest, and her relations; but a good deal unfortunately comes of events always happening so that wherever Kate Mervyn goes, even when she crosses over to Ireland to become companion to a widow, another of the women who are in love with Captain Bellairs, she is sure to meet all the chief persons of the story, who happen by the merest chance to be going the same way. Before this curious piece of good or ill luck brings her and Captain Bellairs together, a good many events equally curious have taken place. A second coach accident has occurred, and been the means of removing Mrs. Angerstein's husband from the world, thus leaving her free to give full scope to her love for Captain Bellairs. Frank Forest has become the husband of May Constable, and the editor of a new magazine, to which Kate is a leading contributor. Not long after this Mrs. Frank Forest dies, and Frank proposes to marry Kate,

* *A Narrow Escape.* By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip). 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

who has, however, by this time gone back to her first love, Captain Bellairs. It is to be regretted for her sake that he at the same time has heard of her second love for Frank and her efforts to part him from the girl to whom he was engaged, and has very wisely resolved to have no more to do with her. This blow, combined with the death of Frank's new magazine, drives her to reply to the advertisement for a companion published by Mrs. Durgan, the widow in Ireland. By the time that she arrives there, having crossed in the same boat with Frank Forest and some of his dead wife's relations, he is in a fair way to be engaged to one of these relations. From this fact various complications, which need not be gone into at length, arise during the stay of the persons concerned in Ireland. To show, however, by the writer's own words in what kind of persons she hopes to interest her readers, a conversation which takes place between Frank Forest and Charlotte Grange after she has become engaged to him may be quoted:—

"My appearance is the last thing I think of, Frank," she says accordingly, with well simulated meekness.

"Lucky thing for you, dear," Frank says good-humouredly; "for you're getting so fat that very soon you'll have no appearance worth mentioning." Then he takes a sheet of paper and a pencil, and makes a sketch of what she will be in a year or two: preserving a likeness to her plump person, but exaggerating it greatly.

"I think you stick on too much gear," he says presently, his mind still dwelling upon that appearance of hers which she professes to so entirely disregard, and unobservant of the wrath and fury that flash from her offended eyes. "All these puffings and furbelows are very well for the sylphs, you know, but you ought to go in for the plainer lines and the darker colours."

Such stuff as this speaks for itself and carries its own condemnation. The upshot of Frank's engagement to Charlotte Grange is that she manages to captivate a richer man and marry him on the day fixed for her wedding with Frank. Captain Bellairs meanwhile has proposed to Mrs. Durgan, who accepts him, and hands him over to Kate. Mrs. Angerstein, who has been reduced to poverty, is offered a cottage rent free on Captain Bellairs's estate, and, disdaining so lowly a home, establishes herself as mistress of his own house while he is away on his wedding tour with Kate. He is so unwilling to oust her from this position when he returns that, unless she kindly solved the difficulty by marrying his agent, one cannot tell what might have happened. It is best to convey some idea of the possibilities suggested in Captain Bellairs's own refined and considerate language:—

"Poor Kate! it's been a near thing for you, for I doubt if I should ever have had the heart to turn the poor little thing out."

"Never mind what you would have done," Kate cries: "nothing will alter the resolve of the admirable Corkran, let us hope. Oh! I'll bear her so beautifully during these inevitable few weeks; but if she had once driven me away from you and home, I should never have come back to either."

"We've had a narrow escape of getting astray from each other, and no mistake," he says anxiously. "It's been a nearer thing than it was ten years ago. After this, don't you think we had better agree to speak out to each other before we resort to extreme measures, eh, dear?"

The grammar of *A Narrow Escape* may be estimated from the fact that one character addresses another in a tone of "anguished appeal." We thought that a long experience had enabled us to fathom the depths of triviality and vulgarity reached by novelists of the hour. We have learnt something from *A Narrow Escape*.

THE GREAT GAME.*

THIS is not a book about lions and elephants, like Mr. Drummond's, and we do not wonder that the author of such a bewildering political pamphlet thought it expedient in the first edition to withhold his name. A new and untried writer on such a series of subjects would be laughed down or contemptuously passed over. A politician of mark would merely have gratified the wish of rivals that their opponents would not only deliver speeches but write books. As in the case of the Horatian dropsy, the thirst for print seems to have increased with self-indulgence, and we have to notice a revised edition ere we have fully digested the first. The author now takes pains to inform us that he is a member of the Madras Civil Service; that he wrote his first book under a "period of intense excitement"; that he now sees several of his expressions to be "violent and undignified," as well as "inconsiderate and unnecessary"; that his first chapter was full of "rhapsody and hysterical grandiloquence," and that he has made numerous alterations as well as extensive and important additions. We are compelled to say that we have been at pains to compare the two editions without discerning any signs of repentance or tokens of improvement. We merely find that 211 pages of rhapsody have swelled to 216. Some few expressions have been modified, but the original tone and structure of the work are unimpaired, and the evidence of cerebral irritation is still to be traced in every page. That the competitive system, to which the author evidently owes his entrance into the Civil Service, has been in some points a success may be taken for granted on the authority of Lord Lawrence and other statesmen. It has delivered us from what used to be popularly called John Company's hard bargains. It has sent to India, from the public schools and Universities, intellectual men who have done excellently in the Secretariat, as well as when in charge of populous districts stricken with fever or famine. We may hope that, with added experience, some of these men will prove quite as capable of ruling provinces and of dealing with the new problems of a native society just aroused from slumber as were Metcalfe, Thomason, or Grant. But the active young magistrate of the Delhi division forty years ago, or the civilian soldiers who in 1805 mounted the breach at Deeg, we may be quite certain never amazed their friends or gratified their enemies by propounding such remedies for the regeneration of the British Empire and its dependencies. And Mr. Thorburn may rely on it that he would have spent his time and labour to more advantage in studying gaol discipline, the Ryotwari tenures, the preservation of the Todas, or any other dry and repulsive subject of his polyglot Presidency. But we must now deal with his Imperial policy, such as it is. The publication may be briefly described as an attempt to alter the map of the world, and to recast the British Empire in a new mould. We do not deny to this writer the possession of some qualities fitting him to take part in political discussions. He has studied a large subject in many parts. He writes in an animated style, and occasionally with epigrammatic terseness and vigour. He does not lack independence, audacity, or earnestness. But he has entirely discarded the consideration of obstacles to be removed, inertness to be quickened, and impediments to be surmounted, of which writers and speakers, however bent on great reforms, are accustomed to take some account. Solemn pledges and national treaties give him no sort of trouble. He talks like a conqueror at the head of thirty victorious legions, or a reformer with an overwhelming majority, just about to reach his goal after a seven years' contest. He evidently has no recollection of the prolonged efforts which it cost Lord Grey to carry the first Reform Bill, or Cobden to ensure free trade in corn. And when we descend to the details of his scheme we find, as might be expected, several errors of fact, frequent misconceptions of national feeling, visionary schemes for setting creation to rights, bits of vulgar abuse or strong language applied to great people and statesmen which are needlessly irritating, and a disposition to put aside the rights and claims of petty States as if they were so many dumb cattle to be driven to the market. The work is a curious instance of a reformer who, having hit on one or two excellent ideas capable of development, has lost all control of his imagination and his reason.

The author's main contention is that, unless England is willing to abdicate her position and to sink contentedly into national decrepitude, she must be prepared to go forward. To this end India is to be remodelled; the British Constitution at home is to be put into Medea's cauldron; and England and Russia, instead of looking with distrust at each other across the range of the Hindu Kûsh, are to join hands and to divide Asia between them. In sober truth, and after a perusal of Mr. Thorburn's second thoughts, we hardly know whether he expects serious criticism of some of these startling proposals, and are half inclined to believe that he has acted on a well-known Asiatic principle—that of asking for three times as much as you think the customer or the judge will give. We might simply make extracts and allow the author to commit suicide. But, as space is limited, the following condensed summary of his startling suggestions, with a few comments, seems to us a simple duty. We begin with the Imperial, before passing on to the Indian, policy. The three dangers which menace the "collective existence" of Great Britain are stated to be the loss of our commercial pre-eminence, the ambition of statesmen in the colonies, and the rise of national aspirations in India. To meet them, a sagacious statesman is wanted who shall extend our territory and "found the United Kingdom on a wider material base, by taking in new English-speaking kingdoms to be integral parts of the Union." England "must stoop to conquer," and must become "the leading member of a great and undivided family of sovereigns, all controlling a huge common estate." In this view the House of Commons, instead of troubling itself with such petty modifications of the national structure as Mr. Trevelyan's Bill or Sir Charles Dilke's theories, will be kind enough to pass "a short and simple Act" reforming itself into a Convention. Members who dread all numerical increase will be glad to learn that this proposal will have the effect of slightly decreasing the total, which is to be 652. The whole Convention, however, will consist of 1,000 members, the House of Commons being, as shown, the larger half, and the remaining quotas being furnished by 200 peers, 48 members from India, and 100 from the colonies. In order to prevent unseemly differences between two great parties pretty well matched, the peers on the Ministerial side are always to number 110, while those on the Opposition benches will be 90. Lord Granville, or whoever may occupy his position, we are happy to add, is to have the privilege of supplying a list from which the latter will be chosen. Natives of India are to contribute one-fourth of the representatives of that dependency, but will be nominated by the Government of the place; and in the allotment of members to our colonies it is interesting to observe that even Fiji and the Isle of Man are not left out in the cold shade, but are to send each one member to the World's Debate. It is also satisfactory to find that Her Majesty's rights and prerogatives are to remain intact; that all Crown lands in England and elsewhere will become "the common heritage of the Empire," and that the sovereign is to have the privilege of choosing the religion to be "preferentially acknowledged in its ceremonials, and at its diplomatic and consular posts." All "important religions," outsiders and Dissenters will be gratified to learn, "could be recognized in the establishment of military and naval chaplaincies." This permission reminds us that many years ago the founder of a great Code remarked that the word "important" was no word for a law which pretended to define criminal cases or to guide tribunals. It would be interesting to know at what point the line could be drawn, or what sects would find themselves left out as "un-

* *The Great Game; a Plea for a British Imperial Policy.* By a British Subject. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1875.

important." The outline of the Convention is, we admit, grand in its simplicity, but a little confusion and disturbance of symmetry will be caused by the proposed creation of a separate British Senate as the Legislature for all Britain, as well as by a hint that England, Ireland, and Scotland might one day have "separate local Legislatures." We own ourselves slightly puzzled to make out who are to compose the Convention of 1,000 members, and who the Senate of 450. The latter body is to consist of 300 representatives from the United Kingdom; 70 from India, including the nominees of the Viceroy, the representatives of Native States, and the deputies from British provinces; and 80 from the colonies. Universal suffrage is conceded to the people of European blood everywhere except in the Fiji Islands, and in India the qualification might be taken from the Income-tax returns; this apparently, in the writer's estimation, being a cherished popular impost, based, like everything supplied by Asiatics interested in avoiding liabilities, on trustworthy materials, and easily worked. But then some electors would have additional votes according to age, payment of house-tax on an ascending scale, and certificates of success in matriculations at Universities, competitive examinations, academical degrees, and other perplexing tests. By these simple means graduated Parliamentary suffrage would be introduced to "an enlightened and delighted world." Some eminent members of the Liberal party—Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Roebuck, and others—would support the Conservative Premier; and a mysterious set of men who are termed "stagnant practicals" would collapse like pricked bladders. It is also satisfactory to learn that this revolution, instead of being stupendous, would "scarceiy be seen or felt by anybody except those who had brought it to completion."

Scarcely less startling are the remedies proposed for the solution of some of the new problems which, it is agreed on all hands, have arisen out of the very civilization engrafted by us on India. That this author has correctly apprehended some of the new doctrines which have routed old beliefs, and that he does full justice to several of the great men without whose sagacity and determination we should have no Indian possessions to disquiet us, may be conceded. He is alive to the merits of Bentinck as an internal reformer, without undervaluing the splendid triumphs of Wellesley and Dalhousie. Sensual princes, corrupt native agents, members of Parliament who balance flattery of English demagogues by lamentation over the downfall of the worst of Indian despotisms, find in him no supporter. He dissipates loose popular notions about the identity of national and social feelings between the rulers and their subjects in half-a-dozen principalities. He makes out a very good case against those who contend that the Mutiny was in a great measure owing to Lord Dalhousie's annexations. Indeed the prevalence of this idea is a notable example of the force of pure reiteration, not only without facts, but in the teeth of them. Of the four great provinces added to the Empire between 1848 and 1856, one, Burmah, was beyond seas, and, if we remember rightly, was actually denuded of English regiments during the crisis. In a second, Nagpore, the display of a six-pounder and a couple of executions were enough to preserve quiet. Every Englishman knows what we owed to the Punjab and the Sikhs when Delhi had to be taken. The absorption of Oudh for misgovernment, after half a dozen warnings, was the act of the English Cabinet of the day; and the difference between that province under its Nawab—for the natives never would give the title of king to their ruler—and the same province even during the height of the Mutiny was not that between Philip drunk and Philip sober, but between this personage half and wholly drunk. Koer Sing was driven into rebellion by the loss of a huge civil suit in the highest Court of Appeal, which left him without resources or hope. Only in the case of the Nana was the rancour engendered by Lord Dalhousie's righteous retrenchments in any way perceptible. Equally cogent and clear are the arguments against maintaining native principalities intact in order that evil characters may gravitate to such centres and indigenous tyranny may contrast unfavourably with our own exotic but equitable rule. To make a Raja or Nawab act the part of the drunken Helot is a political axiom which needs something more than the support of the honoured names to which it has been occasionally ascribed. If we are always to have ninety-five princes of the first rank, and some three hundred of the second, who are to waylay the Prince of Wales on his visit, and who are to be rewarded with musical snuff-boxes, Parisian clocks, and highly-chased breechloaders, they must alter their political maxims and copy ours, even at the risk of losing their own exquisite originality of character. So far we go a good way with the views expounded in two out of the seven chapters into which this book is divided. But when we come to the Indian remedies, we find them scarcely worth serious discussion. Some are impolitic, and others are impossible; a third class is both. We have no desire for any extension of the Indian Empire as suggested, either on the Irrawaddy or on the Cabul river. And, though a readjustment of the boundaries of the local Governments is sometimes feasible, as in a late instance, when Assam was separated from Bengal and placed under a Chief Commissioner, there is nothing which requires more forethought, or which is more likely to irritate and annoy the native community, than a sudden dislocation made in order to ensure symmetry or to meet some fancied exigency of language and race. Again, that natives should be eligible for higher Imperial offices is, as a theory, accepted by every Indian administrator. But when we come to work it in practice, a thousand points of detail arise to teach us the imperative necessity of moderation in speed. We much fear that India is not to be regenerated by adopting in all schools the Roman character instead of the *Devanagari* or the *Shikastah*; that Jubbulpore, or the Devrah Dhoon, in spite of its central position, would be a doubtful exchange for the capitals of Bombay or Calcutta; that English emigrants had better try the backwoods of Canada or New Zealand than settle in the Central Provinces, or even in Mr. Tennyson's "half-English Neilgherry air"; and that younger sons of English squires would find Zemindaries very little to their tastes, even if they had the capital to purchase them, and even though, as purchasers, they were to be made "baronets and J.P.'s."

We cannot pursue other schemes in detail. Indeed one of the difficulties of this book is the magnitude of its topics. Not content with changing the British Constitution and reforming India in less than one hundred pages, Mr. Thorburn is prepared to divide Asia with Russia. As a preliminary the Sultan is to be pensioned off on half a million a year; a suggestion which reminds us that the late Bishop Wilson once recommended the pensioning of Brahmans as a preliminary to the spread of Christianity. This slight transformation being accomplished, Austria is to get the Adriatic provinces, with perhaps Servia and Roumania; Greece may think herself lucky if she has Thessaly, Epirus, and Crete. Russia may then carry off the remainder of the Turkish Empire, and to Englishmen will fall the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, Syria, Arabia, Cyprus, and the "suzerainty of Egypt." By this bold Turkish partition, we shall be no longer like dogs in the manger, but friendly and comfortable. Good will not be done by stealth, nor shall we blush to find it fame. The question asked in the last chapter of this book on Dreamland is "What will hinder?" Possibly the author himself may on reflection, and before he favours us with his third edition, have thought of a few impediments. We conclude, however, with one sentence to the effect that "great principles advance slowly." We readily grant the slow rate of progression. What we wish to be assured of is that the principles advocated are as practicable as they undoubtedly, in one sense, are "great."

SCHOPENHAUER.*

WHILE Schopenhauer is the most readable of German philosophers, his utterances are peculiarly capable of being brought within a small compass and presented in a condensed form. He who should undertake by means of a small book to conduct the uninitiated into even the outermost porch of that temple where Hegel's mysteries are taught would be as reasonable as a mathematical preceptor who commenced his course by placing in the hands of his pupils an algebra destitute of illustrative examples, as some perhaps have found to their cost who have tried to learn the opinions of that master through the medium of an abbreviating disciple. A very brief compendium of Aristotle would be a work of doubtful utility, and a pocket Plato would involve a sacrifice of form in a case where form is about as essential as matter; as all will be convinced who have read that remarkable work the *Initia Philosophiæ Platonicæ* of the learned Dutchman, Van Heusde. On the other hand, Berkeley is notable as a fascinating writer; nevertheless his exposition of doctrine can be reduced as readily as spinach can be diminished in volume by the process of boiling. For instance, here is a description of Berkeleyism written by Kuno Fischer, who, approaching Kant's system, gives it as a sort of *hors-d'œuvre* which is as lucid as it is concise, and would triumphantly carry through any candidate for office whom his examiner might try to perplex with questions about the amiable Bishop of Cloyne:—

> The so-called "Idealism" of Berkeley was, in truth, sensualism brought to perfection, and rigidly a consequence of the philosophy of Bacon and Locke. In sensible things there is manifestly nothing which is not sensible or perceptible. Therefore all perceptions are impressions in ourselves, *presentations* (*Vorstellungen*), which in those days everybody, Locke as well as Berkeley, Descartes as well as Locke, called "Ideas." It follows that after the elimination of our perceptions, sensible things remain = 0. Consequently there are none but perceiving and perceived Beings, or, in other words which have precisely the same meaning, there are only minds (or spirits) and ideas. But whence come these ideas, which, as sensible impressions, are to us as things? They are given facts (Thatsachen) which we perceive, but do not cause. There can then be no other cause of them than the Deity, who evokes in us the *presentations*, produces in our minds the ideas or impressions which we perceive and acknowledge to be things. Therefore, again, our knowledge of things is only possible through God.

We have preferred to make use of the unseemly word "presentation" in lieu of the more agreeable "representation," not so much because it literally corresponds to the German "Vorstellung" as because the prefix "re" acts as a disturbing influence on the conveyance of meaning.

As will presently be seen, we have not cited Dr. Fischer's summary of Berkeleyism merely as an instance of concise lucidity. In the meanwhile, we would remark that in the Bishop's doctrine as it appeared to his own mind there is not the remotest approach to nihilism. The circumstance that Berkeley, an orthodox theologian, accepted as an absolute fact the existence of a personal Deity, whereas Hume did not, sinks a gulf between these two mighty thinkers which can only be crossed by a leap. That a man cannot knock his head against a brick wall save to his own personal detriment was as obvious to the Bishop of Cloyne as to the coxcombs who thought to answer him with a grin. But he did not see why in the production of the sensible world the Deity, instead of acting immediately on the human senses, should employ an infinitely stupid agent called matter; and, what made things worse, people were beginning to set up this lubberly pretender to entity

* *La philosophie de Schopenhauer.* By Th. Ribot, Paris: Baillère. 1874.

as an idol to be preferred to the real Creator. So he did his best to improve matter from off the face of the intellectual world. It was the abstract, not the concrete, matter which he attacked, and he thought that a world perpetually sustained by an All-wise Being was in a more secure position than one which on close investigation seemed to stand upon nothing. It may be observed, by the way, that Berkeley's doctrine does not in the least affect the freedom of the will, and is therefore utterly distinct from Pantheism.

But to return to Schopenhauer. We do not mean to assert that the doctrine of the Frankfort sage can be so thoroughly compressed by anybody as that of Berkeley is compressed by Dr. Fischer. Still, as we have said, it may be compressed pretty freely, and we may add that the work of compression has been well done by M. Ribot. He makes the reader acquainted with the man as well as with the writer, and Schopenhauer, unless he be regarded in both capacities, can scarcely be appreciated. The result of his labours, which cannot have been slight, is one of those tempting little volumes which belong to the "Bibliothèque de la philosophie contemporaine."

The distinctive feature in the philosophy of Schopenhauer is the extraordinary power which he extends to what he calls the Will; and the whole of his system is virtually embraced in his principal work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* ("The World as Will and *Presentation*"), three editions of which respectively appeared in 1819, 1844, and 1859. The first edition, published when he was about thirty-one years of age, fell completely flat. Before the publication of the second he had written a treatise on the "Liberty of the Will," which was crowned by the Royal Society of Sciences in Norway. Had it not been for this halo of Northern light, there would probably have been no second edition of his chief work. But in 1844 he at once attained an immense celebrity, which, though he has now been dead for more than thirteen years, is rather increasing than otherwise.

So far as the world is to be regarded as a *presentation* (*Vorstellung*), Schopenhauer is essentially at one with Immanuel Kant, who, reducing time and space into forms of the intuition (*Anschauung*), and the most general categories into forms of the understanding (*Verstand*), arrived at a result as completely adverse to the view of so-called "common sense" as that of Bishop Berkeley. The sensible world, cognizable by experience alone, may be regarded, if considered apart from experience, as a vast illusion, to which Schopenhauer, with his Indian proclivities, loves to give the pretty name "Maya." It is, however, to be specially noted that the forms of the intuition and of the understanding belong to the human mind generally, and are therefore, though in one sense subjective, perfectly objective as far as each individual mind is concerned. All that consistent Positivists can require is given to them by Kant's doctrine of the theoretical reason. The fact that mathematics present the exceptional case of an *à priori* science is consequent upon the view that space is a form of the mind. The world that is spread before us is still enough for all practical and experimental uses, though all speculation about it that transcends the bounds of empirical inquiry is a delusion and a snare. If to the student of natural science this is not the best of all possible worlds, it is at any rate good enough for his purpose. In our primary perceptions, moreover, there is something which is not to be confounded with the mental forms—namely, the mere sensation, the "secondary quality," of John Locke. Of the science of this we know nothing; and as its source lies beyond the limit of experience, it cannot even be reasoned about consistently. It is simply to be called the "Ding-an-sich" (Thing-it-self), apart from all manifestations, and with this honourable name is to be dismissed without further inquiry. In Berkeley's system it will be seen that the "Ding-an-sich" is a personal Deity. To Kant's view of the theoretical reason such a Being is altogether foreign; with his re-establishment of God, Freedom, and Immortality, as necessary Ideas, by means of the so-called "practical reason," we have here nothing to do.

The great exploit of Kant was achieved in that portion of his *Critique of Pure Reason* which is headed "Transcendental Æsthetics," and in which the reduction of space and time to mere mental forms is performed with consummate acuteness. Less satisfactory is the "Transcendental Logic," by which it is followed, where the theory is propounded that the conceptions without which expression is impossible are mere forms of the understanding exhibited by Kant as twelve categories, classed under four separate rubrics. These are not rigorously deduced from any fundamental principle, but are simply the formal characteristics of propositions, to be found in all scholastic treatises of logic. Quantitatively, propositions are singular, particular, or universal, and yield us the categories unity, plurality (*Vielheit*), and universality. According to the relations to each other in which two conceptions are presented, propositions are categorical, hypothetical, and disjunctive. Hence we derive the duplex categories, Substance and Accident—Cause and Effect, Action and Reaction, and so on with the other two divisions. Thoughts necessarily take the shape of judgments, judgments are expressed by propositions, and consequently the whole region of thought is circumscribed by the categories.

Schopenhauer, who boasted of being a consistent, but by no means subservient, disciple of Kant, was dissatisfied like many others by the manner in which the categories were established, and found the table in which they were placed rather arbitrary than scientific. The master's theory of space and time he retained; but he reduced the forms of the understanding to one—namely, causality. The function of the understanding is simply to connect, by the laws of causality, the phenomena presented to the intuition. To the faculty of forming abstract conceptions he gives the name Reason (*Vernunft*), herein differing greatly from Kant, who uses the word in its special sense to denote the faculty of (Kantian, not Lockeian) *ideas*. It may be observed that his views on the subject of causality were given to the world in 1813, six years before the publication of his chief work, in a separate treatise, entitled *Ueber die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichenden Grunde*. Still, in spirit, the World of *presentation* is, with minor differences, the same as that of Berkeley and of Kant. Considered apart from the perceiving mind, it is to be studied experimentally only, and abstract conceptions, though useful for purposes of classification, are without objective value. Had Schopenhauer stopped at this point he would have been forgotten long ago, or only remembered as one of the body of small philosophers who built transient systems on the foundations laid at Königsberg. But to come to the World as a Will (die Welt als Wille), it is another matter. The place of the mysterious *Ding-an-sich* is by him filled up with the Will, which, far from being unknown, appeals even more directly to our consciousness than any objects in the external world. Abstractions, some of which even Locke venerated under the name of "primary qualities," are as devoid of objective reality with Schopenhauer as with Berkeley. Things concrete are with him even much less than they are with Berkeley, being simply portions of a vast illusion. Whether we dream or are awake, we are conscious of our will, and if Schopenhauer had wished to imitate the fundamental proposition of Descartes, he would have said, "Volo, ergo sum."

The word "Will," however, is with him of large comprehension, embracing every variety of what is commonly termed "force." The tendency of the fluid to find its level, the direction of the magnetic needle towards the North Pole, in a word, the mechanical, the physical, and the chemical, are all manifestations of a blind will. In the vegetable kingdom, when the power of excitement comes into play, the Will has made one step towards consciousness, but it is a very small one, and it is blind as before. In the animal kingdom it is otherwise. Here begins the influence of "motives." The individual animal, as a representative of its species, must choose its food, take care of its young, &c., and therefore requires intelligence. Strongly self-impelled to live, and to be conscious of existence, it produces one organ (say the brain) which renders intellectual action possible, and the outer world (*die Welt als Vorstellung*) rises before it. The brute animal has understanding, every action of its life proving that it is guided by the law of causality. The faculty of forming abstract notions, and thus of pursuing scientific investigations, belongs to man alone, who stands *facile princeps* of the animal creation. Otherwise he is not to be distinguished from the brute; and this view of his position leads Schopenhauer to express himself with marked severity against cruelty to animals, and highly to commend the English people (whom he generally respects) for laws which tend to its repression. In the absence of an especial precept urging kindness towards the brute he finds a defect in Christianity, which renders it in his view inferior to the leading religions of India. The man who freely forgives his human enemies is in his eyes but a poor specimen of all-comprehending love compared with the incarnate Buddha, who stood still and unresisting while the dogs devoured the calves of his legs. Brutes are not to be treated merely with forbearance, but on the principle that they are essentially the same as ourselves—that they are, like ourselves, entitled to justice. "Love me, love my dog," would have been a fitting motto for Schopenhauer, and he would have been rather pleased than otherwise if the dog had had the preference.

To the objection that the word "Will" is arbitrarily applied to an agent which might as well have been called force, Schopenhauer has the answer that he has deliberately chosen the particular expression which is always applied to the particular force with which we are best acquainted. Of our own will we are directly conscious; at its identity with other forces hitherto supposed to be different we arrive by a process of analogy. Nothing has indeed been demonstrated *à priori*, but we need not have recourse to the hypothesis of an unknown agent when a known agent will answer every purpose. By those who deny the completeness of the analogy the whole theory must of course be rejected. Schopenhauer believes that by propounding the functions of his all-potent Will he has effected a reconciliation between the advocates and the assailants of the doctrine of final causes. As final causes are supposed to arise through the influence of an intelligence on a will, it is rather hard to comprehend how they direct a will which, as our philosopher maintains, precedes intelligence. We should be inclined to believe that he was an anti-teleologist, did not a curious sort of Platonism manifest itself in the middle of his system. In the three very distinct actions of the will respectively shown in the inorganic, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms, we have already seen a tendency towards objective idealism. But he also admits universals, as the schoolman would call them, of less wide comprehension. He advocates the fixity of species, and as this part of his system is somewhat dark, we will give the definition of an "Idea," extracted from Dr. Fraunstädt's *Schopenhauer Lexicon*, the articles in which are all excerpts from the master's works:—

> Ideas, in the genuine, original signification of the word, introduced by Plato, are the different steps of the objectivation (*sic*) of the Will (as the Ding-an-sich), which, expressed in countless individuals, stand as their unequalled patterns, or as the eternal forms of things. They do not enter

into time and space, the medium of individuality; but are precisely fixed, subject to no change, always being, never having become (*nie geworden*), while individuals rise and sink, are always becoming and never are. Ideas do not manifest the essence in itself (Wesen-an-sich), but only the objective character of things; therefore only phenomena, but still the complete and perfect phenomena, or adequate objectivity of the Will. Idea and Ding-an-sich are therefore not identical; rather is the Idea the immediate and therefore adequate expression of the Ding-an-sich, which is itself the Will, the Will so far as it has not yet become an object for a cognizant subject—not a *presentation* (*Vorstellung*). The Ding-an-sich is, as such, free not merely from all particular forms adhering to cognition as such, but also from the first and most universal form of all phenomena, *i.e. presentation*, or the Being-an-object-for-a-subject (das Object-für-ein-Subject-sein). The Platonic Idea, on the other hand, is necessarily an object, something known, a *presentation*, and therefore, but therefore only, distinct from the Ding-an-sich. It has merely cast aside the subordinated forms of phenomena, which are all comprehended under the law of causality (*Satz vom Grunde*), or rather it has not put them on. But it has retained the first and most universal form, that of *presentation*, that of being an object for a subject.

If we understand this passage rightly, the World first projects itself into the Ideas, and through the medium of these into the phenomena, which are thus separated from the beginning into distinct species. Sometimes the species acts with immense energy on the subordinate individual, as in the case of love, where it only seeks its own self-preservation, regardless of the safety or happiness of its victim. Schopenhauer's dissertations on the subject of love are almost as elaborate as those of Plato, and he is most ingenious in showing that the particular form of love on which Plato largely expatiated in the *Phaidros* and the *Symposium* is an exception that proves the general rule. Here, of course, we do not care to be explicit. In all this doctrine of Ideas there is something which looks exceedingly like teleology, but many readers will perhaps doubt whether it harmonizes with the rest of the system.

Schopenhauer is a pronounced pessimist, and, as his pessimism frequently expressed itself in a very stinging manner, it is perhaps to this, as well as to his generally agreeable and intelligible style, that he partly owes his popularity. History and experience have taught him that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and that the highest duty of man is to free himself as much from it as possible. Genuine artists—and Schopenhauer had much taste for art—take a step in the right direction, inasmuch as they contemplate not individuals, but ideas; but more perfect are the religious ascetics, who, by severe abstinence, and especially by defeating to the best of their ability the efforts of the species to perpetuate itself, overcome the desire to live, and ultimately are absorbed into a Buddhistic Nirwâna. Suicide, be it emphatically remarked, will not answer the purpose; it is the mere selfish act of one who is not weary of life as such, but dissatisfied with the particular circumstances in which he is placed. The desire to live may therefore continue after his death, and result in a very unpleasant palingenesis. For this notion Schopenhauer is avowedly indebted to the Indians. His view may, however, be compared with a portion of the discourses of Socrates in the *Phaidon* of Plato.

HANDBOOK OF GERMAN, FLEMISH, AND DUTCH PAINTING.*

THIS well-known Handbook of the German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools of Painting has been more thoroughly edited than the companion volumes on Italian art which we recently passed under review. We recall at least three prior versions of this Handbook of the Northern schools. First, we have before us a translation from the German of Kugler, edited with notes by Sir Edmund Head. These volumes, published more than twenty years ago, received, as might be expected, but slight benefit from the superficial researches of the English editor. Next came a valuable contribution to the history of "the early Flemish painters," from the joint pens of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle; and then, some years later, but still fifteen years ago, Dr. Waagen gave to the English public a Handbook based on the work of Kugler, but "enlarged and for the most part rewritten." Now, fourthly and lastly, the volumes "based on the Handbook of Kugler," and "remodelled" by the late Dr. Waagen, have been "thoroughly revised and in part rewritten" by that most searching of critics, Mr. J. A. Crowe. It will be observed that his fellow-labourer in these historic fields, Signor Cavalcaselle, does not on the present occasion lend his usual aid, the reason probably being that the Italian critic is hard at work on his native soil, partly in the preparation of a new Life of Titian, and partly in seeing through the press an Italian edition, with important additions and corrections, of "the new Vasari."

It may perhaps be thought that these successive labourers—and we have not named one-half or even one-fourth of the number to be found on German territory—must have well nigh exhausted the historic treasures which lie scattered over Teutonic lands. But we are reminded that during the years which have elapsed since Dr. Waagen wrote the new edition of Kugler "art criticism has done a great deal to increase our knowledge of the lives of painters, and much that was then accepted as historic and true is now looked upon as fabulous or doubtful." The earlier masters, such as the Van Eycks, Van der Weyden, Quentin Matsys, and others, have naturally been subjected to change under comparatively recent investigations. As to later men, Mr. Crowe sums up the present state of the case as follows:—

> Some novelty will be found to have been introduced into the lives of the painters of the Low Countries, who were the precursors, contemporaries, and followers of Rubens and Rembrandt. Of Rembrandt himself and his pupils the lives have been remodelled or rewritten to satisfy the claims of the public to an accurate knowledge of their style and productions. Almost all the dates illustrating the history of the later Dutch have been subjected to necessary revision.
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> Changes of no less magnitude will be found in the accounts of German schools. Hans Holbein the grandfather disappears from the pages of the Handbook, his existence proved to be a myth. Hans Holbein the father is welcomed back to the rank which he had lost, and we assign to him anew the pictures which critics had learnt to attribute to his son. It might have been considered difficult, if not impossible, to add anything to the history of men hitherto so patiently studied as Holbein and Dürer, yet it will be seen that much has been done to complete the lives and correct the lists of works of these eminent artists.

Mr. Crowe, in his attempt "to remodel Dr. Waagen's Kugler," does not rest solely on biographic details; he ventures on new and not always improved readings of general history. Thus he cuts out from the titles of the two opening chapters the word "Byzantine," and yet, with some minor modifications, facts are allowed to remain in the text which undoubtedly show that the art of Byzantium crept down the Rhine and penetrated into Teutonic territories. The heading to Dr. Waagen's second chapter reads thus:—"The Byzantine-Romanesque Epoch, A.D. 1150–1250." The descriptive word "Byzantine" being, as we have said, now omitted, the inference is that the style of the Eastern Empire seated at Constantinople had given place to the Romanesque manner which Transalpine provinces had borrowed and adapted from Rome, the throne of the Empire of the West. Yet such an interpretation of extant monuments is incorrect. To quote a familiar example, the west front of Wells Cathedral, the two styles—the Byzantine and the Romanesque—are in juxtaposition. The sculpture too, if we remember rightly, in the Cathedral of Chartres displays a like intermixture. In fact, any student who has made the art tour of Europe, commencing, let us say, with Rome, touching at Ravenna, passing through Lombardy, crossing the Alps into Germany, entering France, and returning home by way of Normandy and Brittany, will obtain abundant proof of how, in adjacent countries, sometimes on the same plot of ground, and within and without the same building, the subtle, attenuated, and enfeebled art of Byzantium is intermingled with the ruder, more massive, and vigorous style known as the Romanesque. We do not presume to speak dogmatically on the vexed question how precisely the Romanesque and other cognate styles became consolidated and localized; it is sufficient to state that, in the Teutonic territories treated of in the Handbook, the two generic and somewhat hostile forms exist side by side. We repeat then that we see no sufficient reason why "Byzantine" should be cut out, especially in a book dealing almost exclusively with painting—an art having, as may be seen in the pictures of Meister Wilhelm of Cologne, closer affinity with Byzantium than with Rome or the possibly indigenous centres of Northern art.

Again, the present editor informs us that "an attentive reader will observe that I discard Dr. Waagen's theory of a Teutonic school." We are not very sure what that theory is, but at any rate we find that Dr. Waagen gives four books and more than four hundred pages to what he calls "the Teutonic style." The dates range from 1250 to 1690. The first epoch comprises illuminations; the second, which includes the brothers Van Eyck, is pronounced "the Complete Development of the Teutonic Feeling for Art in the Spirit of the Middle Ages"; the third epoch shows "the Deterioration of the Teutonic Style of Art as regards Historical Painting, arising from the imitation of the Italians." The fourth and last boasts of Rubens and of Rembrandt. Mr. Crowe, preserving the same four divisions, sees fit to omit wholly the word Teutonic; yet he allows the existence in the time of Rubens and of Rembrandt of a "Second Development of Northern Feeling for Art," but, while admitting a "Second Development," he ignores a First. We confess that the distinction here drawn seems to us almost without a difference. Mr. Crowe, having told us that he wholly discards this "theory of a Teutonic School," substitutes in its place a "Second Development of Northern Feeling for Art." We cannot compliment Mr. Crowe on the special choice of a term so ill defined as "Feeling." We are by no means partial to the word "Teutonic" or to similar anthropological phrases which Mr. James Fergusson has with ill success sought to import into art literature. The mistake lies in the assumption that phenomena hitherto inexplicable can be solved by a high-sounding nomenclature which needs in itself explanation. And it is necessary to take care that such quibbles over words shall not confound clear facts. In the present instance few, if any, will call in question the broad demarcations between Italian and German art.

It is curious to observe that with every new version of this Handbook a fresh generic term has been coined for the expressly national works falling under review. At one time these Northern schools are designated "Gothic," at another "German"; then, as we have seen, was called in aid the semi-scientific phrase "Teutonic," till at last refuge is taken in the amplified description "a Development of Northern Feeling for Art." Now it may be some consolation to discover that under the disguise of these divers designations very much the same thing is signified. What then is the historic truth here pointed at? Kugler, whom it is now the fashion to decry as uncircumstantial, dreamy, and rhapsodical, may aid us to a solution. We are rightly told that the history of German art can scarcely be traced back prior to the age of Charlemagne. Then we are taught that "in the early part of the thirteenth century, a style different from the so-called Byzantine developed itself in German art and soon prevailed universally"; "that is to say, in France, England, and Germany, we find in full vigour that romantic principle which pervaded life

* *Handbook of Painting—the German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools; based on the Handbook of Kugler.* Remodelled by the late Professor Dr. Waagen. A New Edition, thoroughly revised, and in part rewritten, by J. A. Crowe. With Illustrations. In Two Parts. London: Murray.

XUM

in all directions, and which has peculiar interest to us, as it manifests itself both in the numerous productions of a popular poetry and in a new style of architecture, the so-called Gothic. With this last the new style of painting exactly corresponds." Furthermore, with "the commencement of the fifteenth century, a new element in art again appears among the nations of the German race." This element is seen in "the feeling for nature," "in a more thorough and complete study of all individual minutiæ, and in a more lifelike representation of objects." The early history of German art presents greater difficulties than that of Italian art, and recent investigations establish the suggestive fact that the revival was earlier in the North of Europe than in the South. But then we are met by the discouragement that a fatal finality stopped progress in Germany. The causes of this stagnation, the mode in which the onward flowing stream became congealed and stationary, are clearly stated by Dr. Waagen when treating of what he terms "the Teutonic style." The reasons, in brief, are a fixed realism as opposed to a progressive idealism; a naturalism which, from the first being indifferent to beauty, at length degenerated into the grotesque; and, lastly, for better or for worse, the intrusion of the Reformation, which broke the chain of continuity in a previous line of progression. Thus we appear, by the aid of a succession of critics, to approach to an analysis of the "German," "Gothic," or "Northern" schools of art.

But any scheme for the interpretation of the national schools of either Germany or of Italy would be faulty and fragmentary did it not expound the mutual art relations subsisting from age to age between the two nations. The interchange maintained between the arts on the north and the south of the Alps reached an early culmination with the return of Charlemagne from Rome; centuries later Italy is supposed to have imported the so-called discovery of oil-painting by the Van Eycks. Yet we are glad to find that in this last edition of the Handbook the too often asserted "discovery" dwindles down to an improvement, and among other claimants to the process we now beg to suggest the Singhalese. In Tennant's *Ceylon* we read of the use in the second century before Christ of "vermilion paint used with oil." "This therefore," continues the author, "is the earliest testimony extant of the use of oil as a medium for painting, and, till a higher claimant appears, the distinction of the discovery may be permitted to rest with the Singhalese." In this Handbook it is satisfactory to find additional data as to the traffic in art between Germany and Italy during that most active and progressive of epochs, the fifteenth century. And, as an instance of the student-like care of Mr. Crowe, we are interested to note the pedigree of two remarkable pictures with which we have been long acquainted, and about which heretofore too little has been known. The one is the noble "St. Jerome taking the Thorn from the Lion's Paw," in the Museum of Naples, formerly assigned to Hubert van Eyck, but now transferred to the school; the other, the solemn, severe, and most important picture, "'The Communion of the Apostles,' now exhibited in the Town Gallery of Urbino," and here ascribed to Justus of Ghent, "better known in Italy than in Flanders." Yet on this crucial question of the presence and power of Germany in Italy we regret to find a schism between the late Dr. Waagen and Mr. Crowe, which shows that critics, like doctors, can never agree. Dr. Waagen, who seldom, if ever, has been charged with carelessness, penned an elaborate passage which provokes from his successor, the present editor, the following foot-note:—

> It is scarcely necessary to observe that this comparison between Flemish and Italian art is peculiar to Dr. Waagen, and would probably meet with but slight countenance from any but a small circle of enthusiasts. I confess my inability to discover or to understand what feeling in respect of art was carried by the Germanic races to Italy. But I know that German art began to dawn after Charlemagne had been to Rome.

We have already seen that Mr. Crowe "discards Dr. Waagen's theory of a Teutonic School," and here, in aggravation, we find a depreciation of "the Germanic races." On the opposite side of the question we would not only point to the recurrent invasions of Northern tribes who devastated the garden of Italy, but to more peaceful and prolonged settlements planting Lombardic monuments along the northern confines of the peninsula. We also cannot but remember that there was something more than a mountain path which connected Nuremberg and other cities of Central and Southern Germany with Venice, and that among successive pilgrims, Albert Dürer, in the first decade of the sixteenth century, found himself a fellow-worker in the city of the Bellini. Surely Mr. Crowe must have written this startling foot-note in forgetfulness of the joint labours of himself and of Signor Cavalcaselle; for, turning to the *History of Painting in Northern Italy*, we find in the valuable chapter which treats of the early art of Murano recurrent testimony to the potent sway of Germany. Thus, in the sketch of the career of Giovanni and Antonio of Murano—"the earliest masters of any note in these parts"—whose joint work may be examined in the Academy of Arts at Venice, we find a Germanic element, if not an exclusive German personality, stoutly contended for and firmly established. Giovanni is shown to have been actually a German, yet such was the jealousy of the Venetians that we are deliberately told by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle that

> An effort was made to prove the existence of the Italian Giovanni, and for this purpose an ingenious fraud was perpetrated by certain dealers, who dismembered an altar-piece purchased from San Stefano at Venice, and sold the fragments to a wealthy collector, called Ascanio Molin. On these fragments they forged the name of an entire tribe of Muranese, Johannes Vivarini amongst the number, and thus created not only a rival to Giovanni Alamannus, but a new and imaginary member of a family known at a later period as that of the Vivarini.
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> Had Venetian historians been willing to smother the jealousy which tends to diminish the services done to Italian art by one not born on Italian soil, they would have been more honest and more just.

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are at much pains to show that the early school of Murano—the parent of the school of Venice—was the joint product of Umbria and of Germany. We are rightly told that the school of Venice was "tinged inevitably with some of that German blood which so greatly troubles the critics of early Venetian art." And we need scarcely remind the reader that Murano was the school in which the Bellini of Venice were reared, and that from the Bellini sprang Giorgione, Titian, and others identified with the glory of Venetian art. We therefore cannot think Dr. Waagen wholly "peculiar" in instituting a comparison between Flemish and Italian art, and we must again express our astonishment when Mr. Crowe confesses his "inability to discover or to understand what feeling in respect of art was carried by the Germanic races to Italy." In conclusion, however, we are happy to state that we have never met with volumes more closely packed with valuable data, though here, as in the companion Handbook on Italy, the want of a topographical index renders the information all but unavailable to travellers wishing to identify pictures on the spot.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.*

OF Mr. Bancroft's first volume, and of the plan and scope of his work, we have given some account already (*Saturday Review*, March 6, 1875). The second volume, as describing the political and social state of the more highly cultivated tribes with whom the Spaniards were brought into conflict, has almost of necessity a deeper interest than the chapters which gave a portraiture of what, for lack of a better word, must be called the savagery of the aboriginal races of Central America. The accident of the great struggle with the European invaders has brought the Aztec name into a prominence to which it is scarcely entitled; and one part of Mr. Bancroft's purpose in the present volume is to show, not merely the relation of the Aztecs to the other members of their confederation, but to give an exact picture of their polity and of that of the other nations which occupied the south-eastern portion of the great isthmus which joins the two American continents. He has thus to deal with the manners, customs, government, and laws of two groups of peoples; the former being known as the Nahua nations (comprising, among other tribes, those of the Aztecs, the Acolhuas, and the Tepanecs), the latter being distinguished as the Mayas, and occupying the region extending eastwards from the bay of Tehuantepec to Nicaragua. In the second chapter he gives the history of these two stocks, so far as it can be said to be ascertained; and much of it, it must be confessed, is vague and misty enough. The difficulties of fixing the limits of the Aztec empire are freely admitted, its bounds being constantly changed by the conquest of new tribes or by the successful revolt of former subjects. The ground must be even less sure as we follow the supposed guidance of Aztec or other tradition to times not much less ancient than those of Julius Cæsar; nor can we speak with any confidence as to the meaning of their names. With amusing simplicity Brasseur de Bourbourg derives that of the Mayas from some divinity or ancient Eponymos of the land, just as Arkadians and Thessalians traced back their history to a primitive Arkas or Thessalos. Other guesses interpret Maya as a word denoting "earth" or "earth without water," while Nahua, with perhaps equal reason, has been supposed to mean "wise men."

But if Mr. Bancroft, with almost needless persistency, insists that in his accounts of these nations he has nothing to do with their origin, and although in his descriptive chapters he has conscientiously excluded all theorizing, he has in the present volume indemnified himself for these self-imposed restrictions by prefixing to it an introduction on Civilization and Savagery, which may be profound, but is certainly not easy reading. The discussion seems scarcely called for, nor can it be said to throw much light on the problem. If we may venture to pronounce any opinion on an essay which surveys the whole history of mankind, it is neither clear, definite, nor consistent. Throughout, the terms *good* and *evil*, *cause* and *force* are used with perilous looseness; in one page we find freedom asserted as vigorously as in another Mr. Bancroft ascribes the course of all human affairs to an irresistible external influence. There are both good and evil in the world, but there is much more evil than good, and of the two evil has been of far more use to mankind. The paradox is startling, but it suggests rather a doubt as to the correctness of the terms used than the trustworthiness of the opinion itself. Man, acting as a free agent, performs his part, it seems, unconsciously in the great evolution of the world's life, "his baser passions being as powerful instruments of progress as his nobler, for avarice drives on intellect as effectually as benevolence, hate as love, and selfishness does infinitely more for the progress of mankind than philanthropy" (p. 24). On this point Mr. Bancroft will leave us in no doubt. "To the all-pervading principle of evil, civilization," he insists, "is as much indebted as to the all-pervading principle of good" (p. 29). If the sentence already cited speaks the truth, and if Mr. Lecky, whom he quotes, is right in saying "that the happiness and welfare of mankind are evolved much more from our selfish than from our virtuous acts," it follows that evil is far more useful and beneficial to men than good, and that selfish, griping, and oppressive men deserve in fact

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. II. Civilized Nations. London: Longmans.

the gratitude of society. For men who have no disinclination to sin in order that grace may abound, the gospel thus preached may be a pleasant one; but it is scarcely consistent with the assertion that "Christianity, by its exalted unutilitarian morality and philanthropy, has greatly aided civilization" (p. 66). But, in truth, as we read this treatise, we are at some loss to know what is good and what is evil. "Human experience," we are told, "teaches us that in the effort is greater pleasure than in the end attained, that labour is the normal condition of man"; and then we are asked to say what the world would be if "this spirit of evil" were absent from it (p. 32). But although labour is, it seems, the spirit of evil, and although the lower passions of men help on progress more than the higher, yet civilization is expedient, is a good, is better than savagism (p. 38). The savage, we are told, will never move onward of his own free will; and the primitive man was strictly a savage, pure and simple, such as cannot be found even amongst the most degraded tribes of the present day. Savages must be compelled to move. "Extrinsic force must be employed, an iron hand must be laid upon them which will compel them to unite, else there can be no civilization; and to accomplish this first great good to man—to compel mankind to take the initial step towards the amelioration of their condition—it is ordained that an evil, or what to us of these latter times is surely an evil, come forward, and that evil is war" (p. 28). But war, it seems, must come under certain conditions, or else it will fail to produce these good effects. It may be waged on savages to their great advantage; it is worse than useless when waged by a people with one form of civilization against a nation which has grown up under another form. Hence the conflicts of the Spaniards and the Mexicans ended in nothing but mischief, both being equally civilized, yet differing wholly from each other. But in another page (59), for the term "war," Mr. Bancroft substitutes the "Soul of Progress" as the "extraneous influence" which drives man on to his greater good "without his knowledge and against his will"; and, lastly, overwhelmed with the vastness of his subject, he warns us against forming rash judgments, until we have "anatomized the universe of man and matter." "Then, when we know all, when we know as God knoweth, shall we understand what it is, this Soul of Progress" (p. 80).

We cannot help thinking not merely that the undecided balancing which marks this introduction is unwholesome for those who may not see the traps and sophisms thus laid in their path, but that the theory is historically inadequate as an explanation of the phenomena of civilized or savage life. Having spoken of war as the first step in human progress, Mr. Bancroft argues that, though it brings men together for a purpose, it is insufficient to hold them together. "When the cause which compacted them no longer exists, they speedily scatter, each going his own way. Then comes in superstition to the aid of progress. A successful leader is first feared as a man, then reverenced as a supernatural being, and finally himself, or his descendant, in the flesh or in tradition, is worshipped as a God" (p. 29). Whether this be or be not a true account of the origin of civil polity is just the point to be proved. At first sight it would seem to be extremely unlikely, and it is not the view taken by those who have made the origin of Aryan civilization the subject of their researches. In Mr. Bancroft's hypothesis we are dealing with what, so far as we may see, are by comparison later stages; we must start from the isolated primitive man living with his mate in his cave or den, lord of all within, and deadly foe of all without it, absolute master of his offspring while he lives, and their god after his death. This view, too, must stand or fall on its own merits; but it certainly seems to explain fairly the phenomena of forms of civilization much higher than that of any American tribes. It probably explains even the conditions of Aztec and Toltec life; and assuredly these conditions could not be described more thoroughly and conscientiously than by Mr. Bancroft. Under five distinct heads, taking first the Nahua or north-western and the Maya or south-eastern nations, he examines (1) their system of government, the succession of the sovereigns, the ceremonies of election and coronation, the Court forms and observances, the royal palaces and gardens; (2) their social system, with the gradations of ranks, the tenure and distribution of lands, taxation, vassalage and feudal service, with their family and private relations; (3) their system in war, their orders of knighthood, and treatment of prisoners; (4) their commercial system, sciences, arts, and manufactures; and (5) their processes of law and judicial administration.

Having thus given the divisions of that part of Mr. Bancroft's great task which is comprised in this volume, we can only notice one other point which seems to us of importance not to the moralist only but to the historian. The Aztecs were unwearied speakers, and Mr. Bancroft is inclined to regard their eloquence as sometimes overlaboured, tedious, and dull. He is probably not altogether wrong, but it must be allowed that there are parts at least in a coronation speech addressed by a nobleman to a newly elected king which, if genuine, singularly reproduce thoughts and expressions familiar to us in the Old Testament and the New:—

> It behoves thee [says the speaker], with all thy strength to do that which is right in the fulfilment of thine office, taking care that this be done with tears and sighs and continual prayer to the Lord our God, the invisible, the impalpable. Draw near to Him, Sire, weeping, and in all sincerity, that He may help thee to govern in peace. Beware that thou receive with kindness and humility those that approach thee in grief and despair. . . . Be no respecter of persons, but punish all alike, and justly, for thou hast thy power of God. . . . Do justice, therefore, heeding the wrath of none. . . . Take care that in the high places of the lords and judges there be nothing done snatchingly nor in haste, that there be no hot words nor deeds done in anger. Say not now in thine heart, I am the lord, my Will is Law; but rather let this be an occasion for humbling thy valour, and the lowering of thy self-esteem. Look to it that thy new dignities be not the means of puffing thee up with pride and haughtiness; but in place thereof ponder often on thy former lowly estate, from which, without desert, thou wast taken and placed where thou now art. Say to thine heart, Who was I? Who am I? Not by my own deserts did I attain this high place, but by the will of God.

The man who spoke thus, and the person whom he addressed, belonged, as is well known, to a people amongst whom the customs of human sacrifice and cannibalism reached proportions beside which the holocausts of Phenicians to Moloch pale their ineffectual fires. "Upon almost every monthly feast, and upon numerous other grand celebrations, several hundred human hearts were torn hot from living breasts as an acceptable offering to the Nahua gods and a pleasant sight to the people." The bodies of the sucking babes slaughtered in honour of Tlalocs, the rain god, were brought back from the place of sacrifice and "the flesh eaten as a choice delicacy by the priests and chief men" (305). One of the months of the year received its name from the flaying of men, and at stated times children were shut up in caverns and left to die of fear and hunger. At the feast of Xiuhtecutli, the god of fire,

> each naked and bound captive was borne upon the shoulder of a priest up to the summit of the temple, where smouldered a great heap of glowing coal. Into this the bearers cast their living burdens, and when the cloud of dust was blown off, the dull red mass could be seen to heave, human forms could be seen writhing and twisting in agony, the crackling of flesh could be distinctly heard. But the victims were not to die by fire; in a few moments, and before life was extinct, the blackened and blistered wretches were raked out by the watching priests, cast one after another upon the stone of sacrifice, and in a few moments all that remained upon the summit of the temple was a heap of human hearts smoking at the feet of the god of fire.—P. 330.

In the face of the loathsome horrors described with terrible fidelity in Mr. Bancroft's plain-spoken chapter, we must protest against the judgment which, after comparing Europe and America during the millennium ending with the sixteenth century, pronounces that "the difference between the two civilizations was less than most people imagine" (pp. 97, 805). If words have any meaning, and if there is any difference in the character of actions, we may say that the sweeping away of Aztec civilization was a boon to mankind, and that commiseration is thrown away on a people to whom the feeling of mercy was unknown. Even Carthaginians and Jews suffered the fire to consume their victims; it was the special glory of Montezuma and his people to banquet on the flesh of men, women, and children, slaughtered and flayed in honour of their gods.

RECENT EDITIONS OF GREEK PLAYS.*

TWO out of the three commentaries on select plays of the Greek dramatists which lie before us are by editors whose names are already known in connexion with work of this description. We have met with Mr. Blaydes before, in the *Bibliotheca Classica* series, as an editor of Sophocles; and Mr. Green, it is well known, edited some four plays of Aristophanes in the *Catena Classicorum*. One great fault of Mr. Blaydes's edition of the first three plays of Sophocles in the *Bibliotheca Classica* was his excessive fondness for emendation and conjectural alteration of his author's text; another was his wearisome and unprofitable accumulation of good, bad, and indifferent comments on a hard passage, with but little assistance to the reader in discriminating between the conflicting opinions. Time was precious with students even in 1859; how much more then in 1875, when there is so much more work to be crowded into the school or college course! Now, therefore, more than ever, the scholar who undertakes to guide a reader through the difficulties of a Greek play must sift and resift his critical and illustrative matter so as to get rid of everything which is not vitally *ad rem*. No one can doubt that Mr. Blaydes has Sophocles at his fingers' ends, and is of all men one of the most competent from thorough acquaintance to illustrate the poet by himself, not to speak of his collateral reading, his new collation of manuscripts, and other kindred work. But to read Sophocles with profit, much more with pleasure, one flies from the commentary that leaves a whole mass of conjecture and criticism to one's own private judgment, and takes refuge with such editors as Mr. Jebb, whose edition of the *Ajax*, without being as curt and brief as Linwood's Sophocles, may be said to represent the happy mean between excessive and defective commentary. If there is a choice—and happily even our English scholarship affords this as regards the Greek drama without need of resort to the Germans—sensible students will eschew the help of a dubious and hesitating guide, such as Mr. Blaydes, despite his experience and acquaintance with his author, is proved to be by a glance at two or three notes on the early part of the *Ajax*. For instance, in v. 4, at *ἵνθα τάξιν ἐσχάτην ἔχει*, where the subject of the verb is obvious, he goes out of his way to suggest the removal of the comma after *Αἴαντος*, and an ellipse of *σκηνὴ* before *τάξιν*. "But" (he adds in the same breath) "such an ellipse is perhaps hardly tolerable." In v. 15, upon the clause *κἠν ἄποπτος ᾖς*

* *The Ajax of Sophocles.* Critically Revised and Explained by F. H. M. Blaydes, M.A. &c. London: Williams & Norgate. 1875.

The Birds of Aristophanes. Edited by W. C. Green, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

Aristophanes. The Acharnians. By Herbert Hailstone, B.A. Cambridge: E. Johnson. 1875.

XUM

ὅμως, where we quite agree with his punctuation, he strikes us as unduly wavering as to interpretation. It means, he first tells us, "albeit you are invisible," "out of sight," "unseen." Mr. Jebb has adduced good reasons why Pallas should not be regarded as hidden from the spectators in this colloquy, to say nothing of the fact that the use of ἄποπτος in the sense of ἄνοπτος is, as Lobeck notes, late and less classical. There is no reason in the world why we should not construe the passage, "albeit you are seen but at a distance," and to this view, after having raised the question, Mr. Blaydes seems to come round in his "addenda." One more example. In v. 216 we read:—

μανίᾳ γὰρ ἁλοὺς ἡμὶν ὁ κλεινὸς
νύκτερος Αἴας ἀπελωβήθη.

No one would have dreamed that there could be two minds about the passive sense of the verb, save for the second and alternative interpretation of the scholiast; and this latter would only deserve consideration if we could make nothing of his first interpretation. But, as usual, Mr. Blaydes gives the qualified approval contained in the comment "perhaps rightly" to the commentator who regards the verb as used in a passive sense; and then he reopens the question, and tries to unsettle the judgment by the remark, "But the construction may be ἡμὶν ἀπελωβήθη, 'has inflicted injury upon us.'" Such indecision is both disappointing to readers looking for help, and necessarily tends to book-making—a matter which, it is true, is Mr. Blaydes's own concern rather than ours.

Worse, however, than indecision is the "cacoethes emendandi," and this is really the cause of the scant acceptance of Mr. Blaydes's critical labours. The best results of modern classical scholarship have come from a conservative rather than a destructive study of the accredited text of an ancient author. There is more merit in explaining the text as we find it than in the most brilliant and ingenious substitution of words suggesting what the original "ought to have said," but for which unfortunately there is no warranty whatever. Mr. Blaydes does not appear to see this. He has a perfect mania, uncured by sixteen years of experience since his first volume, for unauthorized alteration. In vv. 51–2 Athene uses in reference to Ajax the not unpoetical expression, δυσφόρους ἐπ' ὄμμασι γνώμας βαλοῦσα, "having cast over his vision vexatious phantasies," which is just what she is represented as having done. Because Mr. Blaydes cannot see how hallucinations can be thrown over the eye, as well as the mind, we are invited to pick and choose among five conjectural resorts — namely, (1) δύσφορον πρὸς ὄμμασι κνέφας βαλοῦσα, (2) ἐπ' ὄμμασιν διαστρόφοις κνέφας βαλοῦσα, (3) ταῖς φρεσὶν διαστρόφους γνώμας βαλοῦσα, (4) δυσπότμου πρὸς ὄμμασι κνέφας βαλοῦσα, and another, in which still less of the text as we have it survives, and which, after all, is not sufficiently satisfactory to its author to keep him from the sixth alternative of turning γνώμας into λεπίδας, or perhaps λήμας or γλήμας, at the suggestion of Act. Apost. ix. 18. Could there be a stronger argument for accepting the text as it stands than this—not halting between two, but oscillating among seven, opinions? In some instances the student might afford to smile in passing at this craze of his guide, as *e.g.* where, at p. 140, Mr. Blaydes jumps approvingly at Pierson's emendation of πτηνῆς ὡς ὄμμα πελείας—φήνης ὡς ὄμμα πελειὰς, *h.e.* "as the dove (fears) the sight of the vulture"; or where, five lines before, he is so enamoured of Burges's correction of

ὡς ἡμέρα κλίνει τε κἀνάγει πάλιν
ἅπαντα τἀνθρώπεια—

namely, ὡς ἦμαρ ἓν κλίνει τε κ.τ.λ.—that he says it had already occurred to him also, though apparently not vividly enough to prevent him from coining two reserve readings—*e.g.* μὶ' ἡμέρα, and ἡ μοῖρα γὰρ. In these cases the text needs no improvement; and in one or two others, where he suggests it, it is in the face of an idiom which is eminently classical and of constant use in the dramatists. Thus at v. 465 occurs the expression, ὃν αὐτὸς ἔσχε στέφανον εὐκλείας μέγαν, in which the double genitive connected with στέφανον (translate "the great glory-crown of which") is as common and as Sophoclean as anything can be. Nothing but an itch for mending or marring could make Mr. Blaydes "much prefer" reading ὅν, put in apposition with στέφανον. There are, however, passages where it is a real grievance to be distracted from the quest of the simplest clue to a textual labyrinth by the addition out of hand of half-a-dozen new windings and intricacies. In vv. 319–20 Tecmessa says of Ajax:—

πρὸς γὰρ κακοῦ τε καὶ βαρυψύχου γόους
τοιοῦσδ' ἀεί ποτ' ἀνδρὸς ἐξηγεῖτ' ἔχειν,

where undoubtedly ἔχειν πρὸς κακοῦ ἀνδρὸς, in the sense of belonging to a cowardly man, is harsh but not unparalleled. Mr. Jebb cites Œd. *Tyr.* 709. Mr. Blaydes condemns the passage as corrupt, and ἐξηγεῖτο and ἔχειν as yielding no satisfactory sense. What then does he do? He offers a choice of ἠγεῖθ' ἰέναι, or ἠγεῖτο στένειν, or, worst of all, ἐξηγεῖτο χεῖν (to utter), for endings of the line, forgetting, apparently, that he is not improving a copy of iambics, but tampering with the fairly intelligible text of an Attic dramatist. Another field for his corrective skill has offered itself to him in vv. 475-6:—

τί γὰρ παρ' ἦμαρ ἡμέρα τέρπειν ἔχει
προσθεῖσα κἀναθεῖσα τοῦ γε καταθνεῖν;

which Mr. Jebb finds it possible to construe by understanding ἦμας after προσθεῖσα and ἀναθεῖσα. "For what power to please hath day by day, with its dooming or delaying, just of death"? or, more literally, "what in the way of pleasure hath day succeeding day to offer, in doom or reprieve, except from death after all"? Something of this kind is Wunder's view of the passage. But Mr. Blaydes can see no resort but alteration; and though he leans towards Nauck's least violent conjecture, κἀναθεῖσ' ἀεὶ τὸ καταθνεῖν, he is not content without hazarding two competing guesses of his own, the loosest of which is

προσθεῖσα τοίονδ' ἄνδρα πλήν γε καταθνεῖν.

We could cite many other passages where Mr. Blaydes's conjectures are equally sweeping and wide of the received text, and it is probable that, though he has his merits in adducing apt parallels on occasion, and in supplying neat illustrations, such as in v. 161 (μετὰ γὰρ μεγάλων βαίος κ.τ.λ.), where he shows that the allusion is to the picked blocks and smaller interstitial stones in masonry, others have found his love of improving Sophocles from off the face of the plays which go by his name a drawback to satisfactory editing.

With Mr. Green this fault cannot be found. He is, so far as we have observed, commendably chary of emendations, and laudably disposed to make the best of the Greek text as he finds it. His present edition of the *Birds* appears to us to exhibit more conservatism in this way than the plays which he edited for the *Catena Classicorum*. An instance occurs to us in v. 480, where, in place of the common reading—

νὴ τὸν Ἀπόλλω. πάνυ τοίνυν χρὴ ῥύγχος βόσκειν σε τὸ λοιπόν.
οὐκ ἀποδώσει ταχέως ὁ Ζεὺς τὸ σκῆπτρον τῷ δρυκολάπτῃ—

(*i.e.* you (the hoopoo) must feed up your beak, and make it a stout weapon; not in a hurry will Jove yield up his sceptre to the oak-tapper), Meineke, for the sake of greater clearness, would read ὡς for οὐκ. Mr. Green rightly sets his face against a supposed improvement which, besides being no improvement at all, savours of a logical and grammatical sequence foreign to dramatic dialogue. When alteration is urgently necessary or distinctly advantageous, he does not set his face against it; *e.g.* in v. 495, καὶ πρὶν δειπνεῖν τοὺς ἄλλους οὗτος ἄρ' ἦσε, the context shows that δειπνεῖν is out of place, for there is no sense in making the cock crow and wake up the boozy Euelpides before the others supped or drank. Here, therefore, Mr. Green would approve φωνεῖν, or perhaps, with the modern translator Rudd, ἐπαινεῖν, in place of δειπνεῖν—the first meaning "before the other cocks crowed"; the second, "before the rest assented to" or "confirmed their brother's morning crow." We could point out other slighter alterations (at 412, 150, &c.) which are really improvements. In one place, however, there is a strange discrepancy between his text and his notes—namely, at v. 645. The former has τῷδεδὶ Εὐελπίδης Κριῶθεν. The latter assumes that Θριῆθεν is the reading of the text. Accordingly the note, though throwing light on either word, sounds odd and *mal apropos*:—"645. Θριῆθεν. Thria was a deme of Attica; so was Crius, according to the scholiast who reads Κριῶθεν." Still less have we fault to find with Mr. Green's interpretation of passages and words that call for comment. He does good service at v. 232, σπερμολόγων, by correcting Liddell and Scott's limitation of the word to "*crows*, or *rooks* that pick up seed," whereas "the term includes many species of birds, but chiefly the small, hard-billed ones, which one sees in flocks about rickyards in winter." And on γνωσιμαχήσῃ (555) we think he has equally hit a flaw in the interpretation of the same lexicographers, when they explain γνωσιμαχεῖν "to contest one's own opinion." "It is rather," says Mr. Green, "to get a knowledge of your own and your enemy's fighting power." Perhaps the *Lexicon Aristophanicum* of Sanxay gives the most exact sense, "to submit, acknowledging weakness"—an act following the mental process implied in the explanation of Mr. Green. In general illustration, too, of Aristophanes from ancient and modern literature and customs, Mr. Green will not be found wanting. On the passage where it is said by Peisthetærus that with the *kite's* kingship began the custom of prostration and salutation, when this bird makes its appearance (as a harbinger of spring), he notes that "in many parts of England magpies are saluted by taking off the hat." He brings Hesiod to bear upon the generations of the crow in a note on v. 609; and on the military promotions of Diitrephes, the former willow-twig plaiter (vv. 798) he is as full of needful information on the grades in the Athenian cavalry as he is illustrative of the satire implied in the lines:—

ἠρέθη φύλαρχος, εἶθ' ἵππαρχος, εἶτ' ἐξ οὐδενὸς
μεγάλα πράττει· κἀστὶ νυνὶ ξουθὸς ἱππαλεκτρυών.

Some of our readers may remember Professor Kennedy's humorous and perhaps eccentric version of these lines. They will not deny that Mr. Green's explanation of ἱππαλεκτρυών is worth any amount of approximate translations. "It plainly means here the *ne plus ultra* of grandeur in the bird way; and the ἱππ- in ἵππαρχος leads up to it. From having been a mean scrubby bird with willow-wings, Diitrephes rises, by purchase, to be captain, colonel, and —capercailzie, cock of the woods."

In his former plays we should have said Mr. Green's foible was a weakness for trying the impossible task of reproducing the puns of Aristophanes in English. It is a rock which in his edition of the *Birds* he has generally avoided, though the intermittent disease breaks out in such coinages as "Green-funk," suggestive of "greenfinch" for the supposed bird ὑποδεδιὼς (v. 65), and such play on words as "grand-feathers" and "grandfathers," *àpropos* of πάππους and φράτερας, in v. 765. On the whole, this edition deserves to find favour, though the relegation of the notes to the end of the volume stamps it rather as a school-book than a book to hold readily in the hand, and enjoy withal the lively hits of the great comic poet of Athens.

Though Mr. Hailstone in his *Acharnians* sticks to the fashion of foot-notes, his work may be regarded as specially adapted for scholastic purposes. It contains a somewhat lengthy argument, a sprinkling of grammatical notes, which acquire some value from the fact that they are often the dicta of Shilleto or Elmsley, and some very obvious parallels from English literature, such as a verse from Milton's "Ode on the Nativity" in illustration of *Ach.* 57, *κρεμάσαι τὰς ἀσπίδας*. For punning and play on words it "goes in" *con amore*, and so far may possibly suit the taste of those into whose hands it will be put. The stupid joke upon *ὡς τραγασαῖα φαίνεται* might at least have escaped repetition by an Eton master. Of the three volumes before us, Mr. Green's *Birds* deserves most encouragement as a helpful commentary.

ETYMONIA.*

COWPER, in one of his letters, gives his correspondent an amusing account of a visit he had just received from a parish clerk:—"On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and, being desired to sit, spoke as follows:—'Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints in Northampton; brother of Mr. Cox the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You would do me a great favour, Sir, if you would furnish me with one.' To this I replied, 'Mr. Cox, you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, Cox the statuary, who, everybody knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose.' 'Alas! Sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him.'" The author of *Etymonia*—we wish he had not kept his name secret—runs much the same risk as Mr. Cox—Mr. Cox the statuary, we mean, not the upholsterer nor the parish clerk. If he gets any readers at all, which we very much doubt, he is likely to have much such an audience as would be enjoyed by a literary tradesman of a country town. Doubtless he has already often appeared in some local journal, and in his writing-desk are carefully treasured up snippings out of perhaps half-a-dozen country papers. He has, we should imagine, at length become too learned for local readers, and has in consequence found his communications too often rejected by the editor. When this takes place, a man must either prepare papers for some Association, or else he must bring out a book. But, whichever course he takes, his learning unfortunately still clings to him, and still keeps him outside the understanding of any readers he is likely to find. People of any learning loathe fluent nonsense, and loathe it the more the more it bears along in its course scraps of learning, while readers who delight in the commonest of thoughts so long as they are fluently expressed yet ask for as little learning as possible. Such readers as these—and they are the only readers this author can ever hope to get—will be as much scared at his title-page as any benighted child at a scooped-out turnip with a candle stuck in it. They will find facing them as they open the book quotations from Kant, J. S. Mill, Plato, and the author. They will at once, respectfully indeed but resolutely, close the book, and if their thought find utterance, they will say, in words that will remind us of the late parish clerk of Northampton, "This writer is a gentleman of so much reading that such sort of people as we are cannot understand him." They will not, indeed, deny his claim to great learning and great genius. They will allow him all that his modesty could ask for, only they will not read him. They will see nothing impudent in a new writer who thus introduces himself with Kant and Mill on one side of him and Plato on the other. Why should they? These three also doubtless were in their day gentlemen of so much reading that the people of their towns could not understand them. And should any persons venture to read the quotations that are given, they would at once allow that the author of *Etymonia* must be the man of the most reading of all the four, for of all the four he is by far the hardest to understand. What would the people of Northampton, for instance, even with the help of all the modern enlightenment that the shoe trade and Mr. Bradlaugh have brought into that town, make of such a passage as the following?—

> Society, like the earth's crust, feebly contextured and void of cohesion—weak, inane, and without soul—spreads itself over humanity, checking all its nobler aspirations; but the comparison may be pursued further in this, that it equally contains within its bosom liquid fires, which, in default of an outlet, find vent in eruption.

Parochial readers, if we may use the expression, would no doubt enjoy the author's attacks on "the rules, laws, and regulations of political economy." Though they do not know what political economy means, yet they know well enough that it is something or other, like Popery, which every one has attacked these forty years and more. But while they would like well enough to have hard names thrown at it, what would they care for a writer who called it an "omnific science"? On the whole, we fear that our author has missed his mark, and yet it is a pity. For he is so very silly, so very shallow, so very conceited, he has such a talent for saying nothing in many words, that, so far as these qualifications are concerned, he deserves quite as many readers as the gentleman who has so pleasantly told us of the Recreations of a Country Parson.

He has, however, besides his ambitious display of learning, one fault which is fatal to a foolish writer, at all events in this country. He may perhaps succeed better in "the authorized versions" which, as his title-page tells us, "will shortly appear in Leipzig, Paris, and New York." But no writer in England, however silly and commonplace he may be, ever has any large number of readers unless he is respectable. Our author, it is quite clear, thirsts for fame. What would he say to some middle-aged tradesman who, bent on being elected churchwarden, should always wear decent black clothes and a still more decent white tie, should talk in a loud and pompous voice and come to be looked upon as the oracle of his street, should attend the parish church and the parish vestry with the utmost regularity and decorum, and then should take to play at skittles publicly on a Sunday afternoon? And yet, we grieve to say it, the author of *Etymonia* has been guilty of even greater folly and extravagance than this. He had, as we have said, almost everything in his favour. Here, on the one side, was that ever-growing class of quiet dull folk who look upon reading as a very proper and respectable occupation, and who, in fact, can read so long as there is nothing in what they read to make them think that they have a brain; and here, on the other side, was a writer who might at one leap have sprung into favour among them. Here, if we may venture to use the terms of the despised "omnific science," was a demand, and here was a dealer capable of the most unlimited supply. Why then—we ask it more in sorrow than in anger—did he take to recommend abortion and child-murder? Why does he ridicule marriage, and why does he astonish his readers by the *Great Focal Luminary of Truth?* The capital letters in which these words are printed at once shows, by the way, that the author is here describing his god. However much a powerful mind may shake itself free from superstitions, we never knew one that was powerful enough to shake itself free from the superstition that hangs round a succession of big letters. This term, perhaps, he thought too long for daily use in the new state of society which it is the object of this book to found. The coal-heavers of Etymonia would certainly find it hard to use in swearing. He has accordingly, in *Unitic Finite*, provided an equivalent which, though still somewhat unwieldy, might serve all common uses. But, to return from this digression, why has he thus spoilt his own market? We can scarcely be angry with him; we much more pity him. He evidently expects that the reviewers will rise in anger against him, and he thus guards himself from their fury in a Notice signed "The Author":—"What we have written has been conceived in a spirit of philosophic dispassionateness. Let, then, those who would criticize passionately remember this and forbear. We address ourself to the masters of reason and to the intellectual man; and not to those who are the mere slaves of prejudice. Let these stand aside, since with them we have no business." No one criticizes conceit and folly, rant and fustian passionately, so that the author might have laid aside his cares and his Notice at the same time. When Sedley and Rochester stripped themselves naked and made an indecent harangue to a mob, even then they were not criticized passionately. They were well pelted, and pelted with everything that came to hand, but no one criticized them. *Non opus est verbis, sed fustibus.* A man who goes into the public market cannot criticize either passionately or dispassionately stinking fish or rotten fruit. All he can do is to say that they are fit for nothing but the common sewer.

When we read such a book as this, we cannot help wishing that there were some place through which every genius of his village or his school might pass, like what Oxford was, if only we may believe the *Tatler*, in the days of Queen Anne. "There is," says the writer, "in the place such a true spirit of raillery and humour that, if they can't make you a wise man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool, which is all my cousin wants to cease to be so." Oxford, we fear, of late years has had too many philosophic reformers to have retained to the full its old reputation. On the contrary, it has even manufactured a new kind of fool of its own. Perhaps, however, it may recover its old spirit, and with its new system of unattached students may be able every year to let a vast number of young men know that they are fools. When a young man who is a fool once knows that he is a fool, he not only ceases to be so, but at the same moment he ceases to wish to appear in print. It unfortunately happens that many a man who has lived to be passably wise has in the days of his folly, for want of learning in time enough that he was a fool, put his folly into print. We fear that the author of *Etymonia* will, in spite of all we have said, look upon us as passionate critics. When he is a little older, when he has reached the ripe age of say five-and-twenty, we hope, though he may never go to Oxford, that he will nevertheless be utterly ashamed of the miserable work which he has had the folly, and we will add the impudence, to publish.

* *Etymonia.* London: S. Tinsley. 1875.

In an article on "Mr. Brookfield" *which appeared in the* SATURDAY REVIEW *of August 28th, the following sentence occurred:—* "*Some defects of taste and judgment, 'to which we would add some independent views on points where there is generally a consensus of opinion among churchmen,' he* [i.e. Lord LYTTELTON] *admits to have alloyed these high qualities.*" *We find that the inverted commas in this sentence were inadvertently misplaced, and that the words apparently quoted from* Lord LYTTELTON'S *Memoir are not his.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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August 1875. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., *Secretary to the Council.*

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The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties at once.

Dublin Castle, September 6, 1875.